

"Literature's Losses in 1896"

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All of the World's Best Literature in Thirty Volumes.

IT was the remark of a celebrated English man of letters that even a student could not hope to attain sufficient discrimination to safely find his way through the immense volume of literature under forty years of age. How much more insecure, then, must be the feeling of men in general, whose conditions are all in some degree unfavorable to reading, and who, if they read at all, must literally read as they run.

There is no desire more common and more persistent against discouragement than that of owning and enjoying a collection of good books; but with only a rare brief hour now and then to spare, and with the literature of the world grown to such a tremendous bulk, it is an impossible task to determine for one's self what are the good books, or, having determined, ever to possess them. To-day the literary accumulation of the centuries fills hundreds of thousands of volumes; even the writings of only the unquestionably great authors, the admitted masters, fill thousands; and the most expert reader, though he read absolutely every moment of a long life, could get through only a small fraction of even the best books. Selection, therefore, is the reader's first serious task. And it is the buyer's also, since to purchase all the good books is quite as impossible as to read them. Consequently at this time, a greater service is done the public by rendering available whatever is best in the store of literature already accumulated than by adding something new to that store. For ourselves, we are disposed to receive a literary enterprise which Mr. Charles Dudley Warner is just now successfully concluding, of compacting into thirty convenient volumes the "World's Best Literature, Ancient and Modern," more cordially than if it were some masterpiece of new creation. The world is not really suffering at this time for a new Homer, a new Shakespeare or a new Sir Walter Scott; but it is suffering greatly for some time and money saving literary convenience which will enable it to profit by the creations of the Homers and Shakespeares and Sir Walters and all the others whom it already has; and just such a convenience—the best of its kind, indeed the only one of its kind—Mr. Warner's "Library" certainly is.

Of course, under Mr. Warner's direction, an enterprise of this kind could scarcely miss successful, even brilliant, achievement. He himself is a scholar who knows the world's best literature, and is a distinguished contributor to it. He is a man of large popular sympathies, acquainted with the tastes, aspirations, and needs of people who must be, in some wise, considerate and sparing of time and money, and he was, therefore, just the man to develop the plan of such a project and to choose and direct the men best fitted to assist him in carrying it out. Thus he has associated with him as his immediate assistants and advisers such men as Dr. Lounsbury, Professor of English in Yale University; Dr. Sloane, recently Professor of History and Political Science in Princeton University; Professor Brander Matthews, of Columbia University; Dr. Edward S. Holden, the eminent astronomer and Director of the Lick Observatory; William P. Trent, Professor of English and History in the University of the South. And so on: it is dull merely citing names, and these sufficiently show the character of the men whom Mr. Warner has taken into his closer counsels.

To write special articles on all the great authors and great books of the world, he has called to his aid men no less eminent; men like W. D. Howells, Henry James, Charles Eliot Norton, Leslie Stephen, Andrew D. White, E. L. Godkin, Andrew Lang—men of the finest powers and largest acquirements in their several ways, and themselves makers of the best literature as well as expositors of it.

In the hands of such directors and executants a rather deficient plan might result in something quite distinguished; but Mr. Warner has had the good fortune to hit a plan which seems to us

perfect. It enables one, for a very moderate outlay, to impart to his home that studious, intellectual air which is always gracious and wholesome; but more important, of course, is the intellectual pleasure and profit to be derived, and herein is where Mr. Warner's Library most abundantly justifies itself, since in merely thirty volumes it puts at one's immediate disposal more than the equivalent in positive literary wealth of an uncondensed ten thousand. Indeed, these volumes represent all the literature of all time, from the stone records of Assyria and Egypt down to the writings of Kipling, Stevenson, Weyman, Howells, and Octave Thanet. They contain the best not only in our own language, but in all languages, the translations from foreign tongues being made by master hands, and with such truth and faithfulness that the result is as fresh and interesting in English as the original would be to one who read it in the original with a full understanding of the author's own language.

When one chances to read something of the life of a great master in literature, one has an immediate desire to read also something that master has written. On the other hand, when one reads an interesting or important piece of writing, one has an immediate desire to know something of the life of the writer. So experienced a reader as Mr. Warner could not miss so obvious a point; and it is fundamental in his plan. His library is equally good for the satisfaction of either of these desires. Whether one wishes to read something of the writing of Homer or something of the life of Homer, he has but to turn a leaf and the wish is fulfilled. And so it is with every writer since Homer who is truly worth naming or remembering. A practiced literary judge and writer has selected from works of the masters with whom his own special studies have made him best acquainted the parts and passages that are most significant and typical, and beside them has set forth, briefly, but as entertainingly as possible, the story of the lives of those masters. Thus the work is not only a library of literature for all countries, climes and times, but a library of biography as well. Moreover, it is embellished with a series of portraits, finely executed, and many of them reproductions of works that in themselves, in another art, are also masterpieces and as interesting to study as masterpieces of literature. There are in all upwards of a thousand illustrations.

It is possible to be misleading in our frequent use of the word literature in connection with this work. We must not give the impression that it is a mere repository of song and romance. The great poems of the world are here, and the great imaginary tales; but the great pages of historical, scientific and philosophical narrative and exposition are here, too. Gibbon and Darwin and Bacon are no more overlooked than Shakespeare and Thackeray.

The first edition of this "Library of the World's Best Literature" has just now come from the press—the first edition is always the most desirable in such a work because it comes from the new fresh plates—and the publishers are making a special offer on a limited number of sets. At the price put upon these special sets the buyer would save more than half of the list price of the work, besides having a privilege of easy monthly payments. But it is possible to take advantage of this price only through the Harper's Weekly Club, which offers a limited number of introductory sets to introduce and advertise the work. The Club, now forming, will close this month, when the price will be immediately advanced.

The introductory sets available will be so quickly claimed that arrangements have been made with the Club to reserve a limited number of sets for the special benefit of *Critic* readers. Those who first apply, mentioning this publication, will secure them. Applications for special prices (and sample pages) should therefore be made at once to Harper's Weekly Club, 91 Fifth Avenue, New York.

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Literature's Losses in 1896

AS WE SIT at the end of a year and think of the losses which literature has felt (and that means nowadays that the whole civilized world has felt them more or less), there is always a natural feeling of discouragement and disproportion, because we cannot accurately balance anything against the loss. We are conscious of the empty places left by the departure of great men; and sometimes Death seems for a time, like Tarquin striding through the wheatfields, to mark the greatest for his reaping. But we cannot yet know how the gaps are in the way to be filled, how among the unlettered babies of a few short months may be even greater minds in process of development. We can scarcely even tell who among the young men that last year timidly submitted a first manuscript to editors and publishers shall before long be sitting in the seats of the Immortals. It is not the extinction of literature, then, that we have to fear. But there is a sense in which some of these losses are irreparable. Just as when one reaches a certain age, the death of an old friend means that now one will not have time to grow used to another to take his place, so there are some writers who speak to each one of us so exactly in the language he wants to hear, that no newcomer can ever quite make up to us for the voice that is still.

Stevenson held this position towards many a man and woman who never saw him; Walter Pater towards a much smaller number, but emphatically so towards those; and, in some ways curiously enough, the first great writer to be called away during the past twelvemonth held it also towards many of those who knew his writings. Poor Verlaine—one had to call him that; but, unless one were something very like a Pharisee, it was with the same tender, regretful intonation that would fit the case of a friend who was weak and faulty, yet none the less a friend. Where was the use of holding up hands of reprobation at his life, because it was marked by the antinomy to which St. Paul and Horace were no strangers? "Video meliora proboque, Deteriora sequor" might have been his sad confession, too, as it was that of the Roman poet; but that need have blinded no one to the fact that for sheer mastery of verse he left no equal in France when he died. As for the comparison with Villon which went about, it is true that both their names began, like Macedon and Monmouth, with the same letter; but Villon, man or poet, could no more have written "Sagesse" than—he could have kept his hands from picking and stealing. And so, to come back to what we were saying, M. Mallarmé, the successor designated by a flattering choice as "le poète des poètes," great artist in words though he may be, yet cannot fill the place left vacant by "our sad, bad, glad, mad brother" who left us a year ago.

Since we have been led by sequence, both of thought and of chronology, into beginning with France, we may as well continue there until we have noted the other serious losses of the year to that country. Of these names, those of Jules Simon, Challemeil-Lacour and Léon Say are for Americans more associated with the kaleidoscopic politics of their versatile nation than with pure literature. The first, like a good many other Frenchmen in the past twenty-five years, was once Prime Minister, and the second held both diplomatic and legislative positions; but both of them did considerable work in philosophy, in social science and in modern history. Arsène Houssaye, while abstaining from statesmanship, took nearly all departments of literature to be his province. If his work as a critic was the most invariable in its excellence, he has perhaps done more for foreign readers by his very lifelike and readable presentations

of famous men and women of France for several generations back. Something of the same service was rendered by a still greater man, Edmond de Goncourt. It is almost impossible to dwell on his life-work apart from his brother's: although they were separated at the last for twenty-five years, and though the elder published several novels after his brother's death, yet so close was their association during the lifetime of both, and such the absolute unity of their genius, that it seems futile to attempt dividing them. To them is due in art the introduction of the Japanese cultus into the Western world; in fiction a part, at least, of the hold which naturalism has obtained on modern writers; and in the line of *mémoires pour servir*, one of the most curious records of contemporary French life—one which the future student of the latter half of this century will not be able to neglect.

Crossing the Channel to England, we come upon a type very different from some of those we have been considering, when we meet, first in the order of our necrology, the name of Thomas Hughes. As a man and as an author, for he put his heart into his books, Hughes represented all that is best in the character of John Bull. He was essentially a manly man; manliness was the quality which appealed to him wherever he found it, and one of his books was devoted to showing how preëminently it shone out in the life of the God-Man. Love of truth and honor, sturdy, fearless uprightness, brotherly feeling towards all men, healthy devotion to outdoor sports—such was his preaching in his stories of Tom Brown, which endeared him to the English-speaking world, and such was his practice all through a wholesome and useful life.

About the same time died a painstaking and thoughtful critic, James Ashcroft Noble. He was little known outside the circle of people directly interested in letters, partly on account of the very excellence of his qualities, which made him an absolutely sincere exponent of things as he saw them, and cut him off from the less worthy methods of self-advancement which have made conspicuous many a writer whose work would not bear the test of comparison with Noble's. "He only did his work and did it honestly; and this is not the way to succeed before the popular gaze."

In the later months of the year, two of its most picturesque and striking figures were removed from English literary life in William Morris and George du Maurier. Morris was still in the full tide of activity and vigor when he closed his career, and yet he left behind him enough completed work to furnish several ordinary lives; and this in two directions. There was the vast bulk of his poetical production, in which we may practically include his prose with his verse, so poetic was it in conception and in execution; and there were his unwearying labors for the dissemination of a knowledge and love of the beautiful. To some extent he was a paradoxical man. A professed socialist, the artist in him revolted against the monotonous crudity to which his beliefs would seem to lead. In his art he was too much of a medievalist, of a pre-Raphaelite if you like, to fail of a sneaking kindness for the picturesque institutions of a feudal age to which modern utilitarianism would give short shrift. But this was only an amiable inconsistency, and need diminish nothing of the gratitude due to him as to a man who, perhaps more than any other, made it forever impossible to go back to the hideous monstrosities which the first half of the century approved in either domestic or ecclesiastical decoration. For him Beauty was Truth, Truth Beauty. Nor can lovers of truth and beauty cease to value the exquisite pictures, sometimes joyous with the joyousness of youth, sometimes sad with the tender sadness of the spring-time, which he painted especially

on the huge canvas of "The Earthly Paradise." His own phrase of self-depreciation, "The idle singer of an empty day," is the last that would be applied to him by those who know how full of strenuous work his whole day was, and how many he has delighted and cheered by his singing.

There was a very pathetic note about the close of du Maurier's life. It was not least among "life's little ironies" that he should stumble, as it were by accident, into the making of books so near the end, and accomplish the three that were to be his tale only with the haunting fear of a sudden pause before him. It was surely pathetic to see him half-frightened and annoyed by the sudden universality of fame which came so late—hardly receiving the time to watch it settle down into calm appreciation, or to enjoy the wealth which came with it. Everything goes to show that the man was thoroughly unspoiled by his success. That comes out clearly in his plaintive protest, "Thackeray never had a boom." But whether he liked it or not, and in spite of the fact that some of his more discriminating admirers scarcely liked it at all, du Maurier had a boom of the most prodigious proportions. Salesladies in the sixth story of New York tenements read "Tribby" aloud, and explained it, to their mothers in the evenings; the green recesses of Florida were so penetrated by its renown that a whole town-site was decorated with names from the book. And meanwhile "Peter Ibbetson," which some of us prefer to its successor, remains unvulgarized, to be read over again with delight; nor has "The Martian" yet been adapted for naming pies, boots and other useful but unlettered articles of commerce.

In the last month of the year there passed away another author who once enjoyed a popularity almost equal in its intensity, though from the nature of things more limited in its extent. But this was so long ago that Coventry Patmore had time to be forgotten long before his death, except by those who are still attracted by loftiness of ideals, fastidiousness of taste and delicate feeling. He was not of the greatest poets, though Mr. Ruskin once thought he would stand among them, and Carlyle was strangely attracted to one whose tone was so different from his own rugged strength. But the purity and sweetness of his verse will still find admirers as long as there are "bypath meadows in which a man may innocently linger" and listen without excitement to the horns blowing far off on the highroad of popular fame—as long as there are people who like to find their wives Angels in the House, instead of New Women abroad. That such people still exist is evidenced by the publication, last year, of a volume of selections from his work, by no less competent a judge than Mrs. Meynell, of whom the poet was a friend and admirer.

Death has not been so busy in our own country among the greater names, perhaps turning his attention to other fields after the rich harvest he has reaped here in the last few years. One venerable presence is indeed removed in the departure of Mrs. Stowe. Dying at the advanced age of eighty-five, she had long survived all the novelists who were at work in her early womanhood, most of whose names are now only enshrined in primers of American literature, while hers is known as far as the English tongue is spoken, and even outside of its limits. She was singularly fortunate in finding "the time and the place and the" subject "all together"; she owed to this conjunction of circumstances not only an audience ready to be stirred by her words, but no doubt also an inspiration which went far towards making the words themselves worthy to be remembered. How far her work for the Negro race is still borne in grateful memory by them may be seen by noting that the name Mr. Paul Laurence Dunbar has given to his recent book of verse, "Lyrics of Lowly Life," is evidently taken direct from the sub-title of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Her other works lacked the sacred fire of her greatest, and won her much less renown; though none of them is without its qualities of sympathy, humor and culture.

The most notable man to fall out of the ranks of active literary workers last year was Henry Cuyler Bunner. As editor of *Puck*, he did not confine himself to fooling, however excellent, but exerted no small influence in favor of purity and independence in politics. As a writer of easy, graceful verse, he pleased many people; and some of his stories were deserving of high critical praise. Literary society in the neighborhood of New York is the poorer by an engaging and lovable personality.

Space will hardly allow us to deal at length with all the less widely known American writers who have laid down their pens in the past twelvemonth. We should have to do more than chronicle the deaths of two women authors who had a wide circle of friends, "Gail Hamilton" and Kate Field; of a distinguished artist who was far from unskilful with the pen, William Hamilton Gibson; of a prelate who was enough of a poet to be called the Keble of America, in Arthur Cleveland Coxe; of another theologian, the fellow-soldier of Mrs. Stowe in the fight for abolition, William Henry Furness; of a voluminous writer of stirring historical tales for boys, Charles Carleton Coffin; and of an accomplished student of, and instructor in, the older English poetry, Francis James Child. And so the list might go on until it degenerated into the merest index; but we prefer to stop and remind ourselves again, under the image which, if familiar, is still forceful, how, though the full sheaves are gathered, yet beneath the green shoots are springing, which shall bring forth their fruit in due season.

Literature

"A Romany of the Snows"

Second Series of an Adventure of the North. By Gilbert Parker. Stone & Kimball.

THERE IS, PERHAPS, no more dreary and uninviting portion of the earth's surface than that northernmost region of our continent which is commonly known as the Hudson Bay Company's Territory—a vast region stretching in length from Canada proper to the Arctic sea, and in breadth from Labrador to Alaska. It is a land of rock and ice, of dismal pine forests, surface swamps and barren grounds, of treacherous rivers and lakes, and interminable winter snows. Yet it has a varied population of men and women, with all the human passions and affections which are everywhere the elements of romance. This field of romance Mr. Gilbert Parker may be said to have made his own by the same title of first discovery and occupation by which Rudyard Kipling has secured for himself the equally vast though more inviting field of India. The two fields, as worked by their first explorers, are alike in one respect. The romance which is found in them belongs mainly to an exotic caste—in India to the intrusive English, and in the Hudson Bay region to the intrusive English and French. In the former country the native East Indians, and in the latter the native American Indians, play a very subordinate part in these fictions. Even "Pretty Pierre," the handsome half-breed gambler and adventurer, whose almost ubiquitous and always striking presence, with his contrasted traits of evil and good, gives a certain connection to Mr. Parker's stories, is in person and character much more French or English than Indian.

For the rest, Mr. Parker has made good use of the other well-known elements of the Northwestern population, often picturesque in themselves or by contrast—the Hudson Bay factors and other officials, the English and French hunters and traders, the Northwest Mounted Police and the English travellers and adventurers, sometimes of the higher classes of society. He has little of the sense of humor, which is one of the chief attractions of Kipling's stories, and cannot be acquitted of some mannerisms and affectations which might be spared—particularly the affectation of commencing his stories with enigmatical obscurity and closing them with unsatisfactory abruptness. But he has the capacity of expressing the strongest of human passions—intense love, supreme

self devotion and undying hatred—with an energy which holds fast the reader's interest. He has a knowledge and love of the wild life of the northern plains. His style is always that of a scholar and a poet, sufficiently attractive to cause an occasional touch of harmless pedantry to be overlooked by an indulgent reader.

Travellers in Africa

1. *Joseph Thomson, African Explorer.* By the Rev. J. B. Thomson. With Map, Illustrations and Index. Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons.
2. *An Eclipse Party in Africa.* By Eben J. Loomis. Illustrated. Roberts Bros.

WE HAVE HAD occasion ere now to speak with hearty appreciation of the work of Joseph Thomson, the Scotch explorer, who on the very threshold of manhood was a leader, and who at thirty seven (on 2 Aug. 1895) "by the wayside fell and perished." His record among African explorers equals that of Dr. Livingstone. He shed no blood; he invariably created friendships between the white men and the black. He shot no animal for mere sport, but hunted only for food. In the short period of sixteen years, he saw more new land than most explorers can find in a lifetime. Like Livingstone, he was moved by faith and the romantic spirit, and not by the desire of gain. He was able to take a bottle of whiskey out to Africa and to bring it back again uncorked. The story of his life has been written by his brother (1), a minister of the Gospel at Greenock, who has done his work well. Beside sailing all around Africa, and again along portions of its coast, Joseph Thomson travelled principally in East Africa, British Central Africa, western Soudan and Morocco.

In boyhood, he was a tremendous walker, with the eye of a topographer and engineer. In later years his love of truth continually got him into hot water with the missionaries, who could not understand the kind of Christian that sympathized with Mohammedan Negroes and appreciated the work of Islam as a missionary force in Africa. He earned also the hostile criticism of those explorers who could not appreciate his severe criticisms of mere mercantilism and his denunciations of the liquor-seller's anxiety to corrode the internal economy of the black man with his strong drinks, and of the sellers of "hardware," who wanted to sell their guns, that the aborigines might exterminate each other for the benefit of the white man. It was Thomson who first broke peaceably through the line of the Masai spearmen, who had with implacable hatred kept back the invaders. It was he, also, who discovered the Great Rift Valley, which is now so widely known. He added greatly to our knowledge of mountainous Morocco; and his final labors were in Zambesia, where he was seized with the smallpox. Thenceforth he was an invalid. Before he died, Joseph Thomson made an indelible mark in the literature of travel and wrote his name large in the story of Africa's development. Moreover, he furnished a noble example of that kind of Christian who needs only to grow to sufficient numbers on the earth to make war, bigotry and race hatred impossible.

As if Africa were not already dark enough, Prof. Loomis of Amherst College and his assistants and naval transporters carefully selected the darkest day of the year 1889 for their labors (2). They were on hand in due time, to study the eclipse of the sun that had been the cause of their journey, only to be baffled by those ancient and unutterable enemies of the astronomer, the clouds. They enjoyed a bath of pale lemon colored light for a few minutes, and then, half an hour later, absolutely unclouded skies added insult to injury. Immediately after full daylight had returned, the would-be observers and photographers found a praying beetle mounted on the objective of the duplex photometer! But, though the expedition was a failure from the scientific point of view, the party had an enjoyable trip. The late Capt. Arthur R. Yates, who commanded the old historic warship *Pensacola*, which brought the astronomers to Africa, did all in his power to make the voyage a pleasant one. Barbados, the Cape Verde

Islands, Sierra Leone and the Gold Coast, Cape Town, the Veldt and the diamond mines of Kimberly were visited, and a stay was made at Saint Helena. Even to-day, whatever may be the opening subject of their conversation, the older inhabitants of this "lone barren isle" will inevitably drift round to the impressive and melancholy pageant whose beginning was at Longwood, and whose end was the mausoleum under the dome of the Hotel des Invalides.

"Kate Carnegie"

By Ian Maclaren. Dodd, Mead & Co.

AND WHEN Mr. Wiggin's barn was built a rat came in one night and carried off an ear of corn, and the next night another rat came in and carried off another ear of corn, and the night after that an ear of corn was carried off by another rat, and the next night another rat came in and carried off another ear of corn—which reminds us of the plot of "Kate Carnegie."

The mannerism of incident—of constant incidentalness,—which has been the most noticeable fault in Ian Maclaren's shorter stories, has given us reason to surmise before that *Drumtochy* might be just a fireside kind of place, where people could only be interesting for a little while at a time. It is superfluous to say that there are good touches of character in "Kate Carnegie," and odds and ends of observation, and delightful whimsical insights and many things worth while, but why—one cannot help saying it—why drag in a novel? The reader who stands still for 350 pages, while nobody moves on in the story and he is not allowed to move on himself, is apt to think of several things that the genial Dominie should have thought of for him when he was reading the proofs. In the first place, there has to be a little solitude in a novel, if anyone in it is to come to anything. People have to have time to think who they are. They cannot live in a crowd. They need a little individual attention. The habit of making pastoral calls on a character once in so often is as unsatisfactory in literature as it is in real life. The gift which is taken for granted in the modern clergyman, of being able to give an air of intimacy to a momentary contact, has its advantages. We have learned to demand—of our own particular minister, at least,—that he shall leave a wake of especially appreciated people behind him wherever he goes, that he shall divide himself between eight hundred people so that every eight-hundredth will pass for an eighth. But in literature it is different. In a church the people are there. Nothing can be done about it. In a novel they can be killed off. We are therefore entitled to look for a more concentrated and more spiritual relation than a church admits.

One of the most disappointing things in the book before us is the way it has of slipping off at almost any time—two or three hundred years or so. Just how far he will have to go, just how long he will have to stay when he gets there, just how many people will be allowed to take his time before he gets back to *Drumtochy* and business—these are constant and baffling questions that haunt the reader of "Kate Carnegie" from beginning to end. And everybody tells stories in the book, and everybody talks about himself, and everybody has grandfathers to talk about, and there are too many aunts, and everybody has relatives everywhere—India and what not.—and they all tell what they think of things in general and theology in particular. They tell everything under heaven, in fact, except how they ever managed to get into Ian Maclaren's novel, and what they are there for, and when they will go.

It has always been a very grave question in our new and Scot-straining school, just how many grandfathers a heroine should be allowed to have. We can only record our personal conviction that any young woman who undertakes to have as many as Kate Carnegie had, will have to be very interesting to carry them off. Grandfathers are all very well in their way, but when they crowd out everyone else in a

book—well, it is unnecessary to say more. They have had their turn. Carmichael and the reader deserve a chance.

There is little need to compare Dr. Watson and Mr. Barrie. It is too obvious to be worth while, and a comparison which fails to run back of achievements into causes and conditions would fail to be ultimate. It would not even be fair. Mr. Barrie is a freeman, and Dr. Watson is not. One is superior to success, and the other has been defeated by it. A literary note, dated two years ago, which has just fallen under our eyes, tells us that "The author of 'The Bonnie Briar Bush' has announced that he is not going to write any more." And it tells the whole story—the pathos of it, the publisher of it. Ian Maclaren has been conquered—that is all. Obviously too much of a man to have his head turned by being the happy owner of a name which has been one of the literary huzzas of the moment, he has not proved himself enough of an artist to withstand the final though grudging concession, "Well—if the people are bound to want anything that I may do, in almost any way I do it—they might as well have it." The author of "The Bonnie Briar Bush" has had to face the crisis that every reputation brings, and he has yielded to a temptation, which, though it is peculiarly insidious in a minister's life, comes in one form or another to all of us, from artists to artisans, with the fatality called success.

It is to Ian Maclaren's credit, rather than otherwise, that "Kate Carnegie" is a jaded book, with the urge of publishers and the lash of the populace between its lines. Chains are chains, whether they be of silver or renown, especially to a man whose inaugural book was spontaneous, inevitable, a necessity to himself, written as all refreshing and discovery books must ever be written—to balance up a life. The fact that he gained his start by being asked to begin, is offset by the fact that no one could have stopped him after he had once begun. Anyone could have stopped him in "Kate Carnegie." It is full of stopping-places. No one knows this better than Dr. Watson. Did he not have to begin over again dozens of times? He displays considerable material in his story. It is all displayed. The book is full of things good enough to be somewhere else. The Rabbi is delicately wrought, the minister's notes are alive. The author is always at his best when the path leads by a manse. When it does not, he makes one, climbing over walls and unities, cutting across lots almost anywhere. He never waits for a turn in the road; he just turns it. His sketch of clerical housekeeping is happy, and the sympathetic touch that the Spirit of Drumtochty always has in dealing with audiences and listening people is particularly noticeable. It is a little wistful in a minister.

Kate Carnegie fails to be as fascinating a "besom" as we are led to expect from the numerous assurances of the author. We can only take his word for it, and Carmichael's, who as a rule, it must be confessed, shows himself to be a young man who knows what he is about. We are ready to admit that we are not quite fair to Kate. Her lawless interest in Scottish history may have prejudiced us. Why should people who are not interested in themselves expect anybody else to be? Going about and interviewing natives may be all very well in real life, but it is not captivating in a novel. But the people seem to like it well enough. They stand cheerfully around in this story, waiting everywhere to be untalked. Kate seems to be popular, but it is a deal better to be popular with the people who read the book. There are more of us and we are very much alive, but some of us will perhaps be satisfied. A brogue makes almost anybody worth while, but there is little encouragement in "Kate Carnegie" to lose one's heart to any of these sudden country folk. There is no telling but that they will mysteriously disappear at the end of the next page. The next popular artist will find a few of them, probably. They may come to something yet in the little world that novels are about.

"On the Face of the Waters"

By Flora Annie Steel. The Macmillan Co.

THE RECORD of the Indian Mutiny is one of the pages of history which few of us can read without a quickening of the pulses and a tightening at the throat. It is easy to



MRS. FLORA ANNIE STEEL

see now that the English made many mistakes in their treatment of the natives, most of them due to that inability to put themselves in other people's places which is the chief reason why they have always held their own. No matter how much we may learn about eastern castes and customs, it is hard for one of western blood to imagine that defilement worse than death may be firmly held to lurk in the chance contact of one healthy man with another, or even in the touching of a harmless bit of animal flesh. Very probably the growing disaffection and discontent throughout the north-west provinces would have found some other pretext for an outbreak; but authorities agree that, if the native soldiers had not been required, through sheer official ignorance and obstinacy, to handle cartridges which they believed to be smeared with beef-tallow, the hideous tragedies of Cawnpore and Lucknow might have been averted.

Many narratives of the Mutiny have been written, some of which are extremely interesting, as, for instance, the Reminiscences of Sergeant Forbes Mitchell, published a couple of years ago; but Mrs. Steel's new novel is the best attempt made so far to weave fiction into the grim facts. It has been said that those who have lived through a great war in their own country, even if they were children while it went on, can never be quite the same as other people. To them the steady roll of a drum, the keen note of a bugle, the even tramp of men marching together, must always rouse that quick instinctive thrill of association which is quite distinct

from will. In reading Mrs. Steel, we have the same sense of nearness and reality. Although she is not old enough to remember the events of which she writes, she has lived where they took place, and has heard much about them from both sides. The opening chapter of the book shows at once the difference between East and West. On the grassy river-bank outside the city of Lucknow, the birds and beasts composing the menagerie of the lately deposed King of Oudé are being sold by auction, and Major Erlton and little Mrs. Gissing stop as they ride by, to see the show. He buys a white cockatoo for her, in spite of the fierce competition of an old native priest, and she, out of sheer contrariety, insists on giving it to Mrs. Erlton, who drives past on her way to church. The bird, which appears often again in the story, has been taught to give a Mohammedan religious war-cry, and the resentment for its loss which is felt by the old ascetic, who had only loaned it to the King, makes him hate the English tyrants even more than before.

The characters of Alice Gissing and Kate Erlton are admirably contrasted. At first one seems wholly admirable, and the other entirely the reverse, and yet, as the story develops, we are made to see that, noble as Mrs. Erlton is, she is also somewhat unsympathetic, and that Mrs. Gissing, with all her many faults, has a courage and generosity which in some degree atone for them. The peculiar recklessness which always seems to underlie the social life of Europeans in India is brought out with a light and sure touch, and also their clinging attachment to the far-away country which is always home. After the first few chapters the scene is shifted to Delhi and we are brought into the court of its old king, the last of the Moghuls, who is a mere tool in the hands of his unscrupulous wife and her followers. Here the air is thick with plots and intrigues, so that it is not always quite easy to keep hold of the thread of the story, and the platonic attachment of Prince Aboul Bukr to the young widow, Newâsi, does not seem consistent with what we have been told of oriental manners. It is, of course, perfectly natural that Mrs. Steel should want to show us a life of which she knows a good deal, and most of us absolutely nothing, but the way in which the eastern mind works must always remain inscrutable to the western intelligence. Many of the descriptions are extremely well done, as, for instance, that of a sort of pantomime miracle-play, which is one of the native amusements provided by Mrs. Erlton for a Christmas festival.

Any clever writer might be able to turn out good descriptions of Indian palaces, but no one to whom it had not been absolutely familiar could so reproduce this little scene of everyday life. But before long there is no more thought of merry-making, and the shadow of tragedy fills all the stage, although in the end the characters in which we are meant to take most interest come out into the sunlight again. The account of the siege of Delhi is very good, and the author shows artistic restraint in keeping the interest of the story there, instead of telling us about what happened at Cawnpore and Lucknow, while the final assault has much more swing to it than we are accustomed to find in fights described by women. The book as a whole is certainly very much better than anything which Mrs. Steel has done before, and, although it would be easy enough to pick faults in it, the task would be ungracious, because it is interesting, and the chances are that anyone who begins it will read it through. The very end, as children say, is rather oddly told in an appendix, which some may overlook, and which after all adds nothing really important to what we know already.

DR. HENRIK IBSEN disowns the conversation with him reported by Mr. R. H. Sherard in *The Humanitarian*, and adds that he is prepared to deny on oath having made certain statements attributed to him. Mr. Sherard asked Dr. Ibsen for an interview at his house, which, however, was refused. He accidentally met Dr. Ibsen out of doors, but only ordinary topics were referred to in the conversation.

Recent Short Stories

1. *Sonny*. By Ruth McEnery Stuart. The Century Co.
2. *Stories of A Sanctified Town*. By Lucy S. Furman. The Century Co.
3. *Penkallow Tales*. By Edith Robinson. Copeland & Day.
4. *Meg McIntyre's Raffle*. By Alvan F. Sanborn. Copeland & Day.

THE FRENCH WRITER'S already classic definition of a *conte* as a corner of life seen through a temperament, should be revised to indicate that the temperament is by far the most important factor in the making of a short story. Pondering a little heap of collected tales fresh from the press, the critic is forced to the conclusion that the best of them differ from the others chiefly in possessing more atmosphere, and that, if the writers should play a game and exchange themes, it would not make any important difference in the merits of their respective volumes. We should like to see the experiment tried. Duplicate story-telling should be at least as absorbing an intellectual pursuit as duplicate whist. The old Persians were playing the former game in the days when they had but a scant dozen of recognized themes, and every poet tried his hand at all of them. As in the hierarchy of the arts that one is held to be highest which demands least help from the material world in its externalization, so in any given art that example may be regarded as most perfect which owes its perfection least to its objective elements—which is only another way of saying that art is produced by the artist.

Judged by its fine and lavish atmosphere, Mrs. Stuart's new volume (1) is easily the best of those under consideration. "Sonny" is a delightful little book, made up of the monologues of a doting old father down in Arkansas upon the birth, schooling, adventures, and finally the wooing and wedding, of his only son. The thread of story in Sonny's life is of the slenderest. He was a very badly spoiled child, subject to "spells," "all brought on by us a-crossin' 'im," and given over even more than the average boy child to wanting his own way. "He warn't no mo'n to say a pink spot on the pillar 'fo' he commenced to set fo'th his ideas, and he ain't never backed down on no principle that he set fo'th, to this day," in the words of his helpless parent. The reader may cherish a deep-seated scepticism as to Sonny's amiability and cleverness, but there can be no doubt at all that the naïve, loving and loquacious father is one of the most engaging characters in recent fiction. The little tales are full of humor, tenderness and human sympathy, and the grace with which they are told might well have been justification for a larger volume.

In Miss Furman's stories (2), the manner is a little less the object of the author's attention, and the matter a little more, than in "Sonny." There is more body to the incidents that fill the volume, but there is also a due proportion of spirit—quite enough to make the tales artistically good, and to give the reader that sensation of fresh air in the mind which is perhaps the most valuable effect of good fiction. The scene of the stories is laid in a small town in western Kentucky, over which, the writer explains by way of preface, a wave of strong religious enthusiasm swept a few years ago, leaving most of its inhabitants converts to the doctrine of sanctification, and firm believers in their own sanctified state. The incidents in the lives of these good people which Miss Furman relates are of necessity chiefly humorous, or seem so in the eyes of the world without; but they are told with so much delicacy blended with their humor, and with so firm a respect for the goodness and simplicity of the characters, that the book is saved from the slightest seeming of irreverence or even of lack of consideration. Very, very funny, for instance, is Mrs. Melissa Allgood's last experience in the dressmaking business, when she makes Daught Pickett's peacock-blue wedding dress with big puffed sleeves, only to discover, half an hour before the ceremony, that when Ezekiel observed, "Thus saith the Lord, Woe to the women that sew pillows in arm-holes, to hurt the souls of my people," he referred to large sleeves, and meant that Mrs. Allgood herself had fallen under the condemnation. The distracted dressmaker manages to get to the house before the wedding, and with diabolic cleverness wiles the big sleeves off the bride in spite of the fact that the bridal party have come down stairs and are standing before the minister when she arrives. The reader who desires to be amused cannot do better than to go to the book for the details of this story; but when he has laughed his fill, he will find himself wishing he had displayed half Mrs. Allgood's ingenuity in thwarting the devil on occasion. (See portrait on page 79.)

Edith Robinson's little book (3) is better as a promise than as a performance. She has the artist's eye, but not, as yet, the artist's hand. There is a striking situation in each of the half-dozen tales composing the volume, and especially in the title-story;

"Penhallow," which will be remembered by magazine readers, but the book lacks precisely that atmosphere which irradiates Mrs. Stuart's stories and is adequately present in Miss Furman's work. Miss Robinson's method of telling a story is crude and bald, and her abundant appreciation of the picturesque aspects of life does not avail to counterbalance this defect.

In "Meg McIntyre's Raffle" (4); Alvan F. Sanborn apparently strives neither for artistic aspect nor atmosphere. Doubtless the facts of the book are lightly spiced with fiction, but it is almost impossible to detect the flavor. Most of the stories have the air of being direct transcripts from reality not at all modified by being passed through the medium of the writer's mind. They are vigorous, uncompromising accounts of existence in the lower strata of Boston, and have the interest which must always attach to anything resembling an accurate account of the lives of "the other half." Certain of the sketches, such as "Heroism Up to Date," read like outline extracts from the note-book of a charity worker. Mr. Sanborn successfully avoids the temptation to generalize, moralize, or sentimentalize. His business is to chronicle, and he does so quite unflinchingly. The book will appeal strongly to those who desire such chronicles without comment.

"Nets for the Wind"

By Una Taylor. Roberts Bros.

THE AUTHOR of these short sketches has used a dangerously suggestive title, or, at least, it will be so to one who reads her stories and honestly answers the query, What do nets set for the wind catch? Nevertheless, there is evidence of no mean ability in this volume. Almost every story is marked by the sensitive perception of an artist, but the unadorned truth remains that, despite all the delicate descriptions and the occasional flashes of meaning, the larger number of the tales in the collection are utterly without significance. The remaining ones are so weighted down with indefinable longings—"soarings after the ineffable and divings after the unfathomable,"—that the reader, on laying down the book, will sigh for a healthy Jack-and-Jill romance, in which the woes of the hero and heroine are definite and tangible enough to come within the scope of the ordinary reader's comprehension. After all, it may be an illogical proceeding to take exceptions to a book which calls itself "Nets for the Wind." The author may have intended to catch nothing but those evasive and shifting moods of lovers which correspond to the physical winds and mists that rise out of the great *Ewigkeit* whose boundaries no man knoweth: If such was the author's purpose, she has succeeded admirably; and it is then nothing in any way derogatory to her, that the reader who uses these "Nets for the Wind," shall toil all night and catch nothing.

"Edinburgh"

Picturesque Notes. By Robert Louis Stevenson. Illus. The Macmillan Co.

STEVENSON'S "Edinburgh" makes a delightful guide to the Scotch metropolis, none the less so because his always delicate health rendered him unable to appreciate properly its wintry blasts, its breakneck streets and somewhat rude and boisterous pleasures. To offset that slight inability, he had a keen sense of the picturesqueness of Auld Reekie, an admiration for such of her sons as have attained distinction—which shows him true Scot at the bottom. He may rail against the wind and the rain, the sea fogs and the Highland snow-storms that make of Edinburgh a "meteorological purgatory"; he may in his day have leant over the parapet of the North Bridge, the high altar in this temple of the winds, and envied the lot of the lucky travellers in the trains beneath, *en route* to that "Somewhere Else" of the imagination whither he too would have liked to be going, but he had had his fill of the "Somewhere-Else," and opportunity enough to cultivate that whimsical attachment to home which is one of the pleasures and privileges of the exile.

Edinburgh, he finds, after all, is beautiful in a romantic, or Gothic, way; better, she is interesting, a curio among cities. She is a city of contrasts. Here you shall find the ancient Palace of Holyrood towering among modern breweries and tenements, primeval crags rising out of shaven lawns, the garrets of the unwashed looking down upon the homes of the wealthy, and neo-Hellenic temples frowned upon by Gothic battlements. It is a dream in masonry and rock, a composition of incongruities, worth seeing even at the cost of an influenza. The book tells of the "lands" and "closes" of the old town and the grim legends connected with them, describes the new town and the suburban villa quarters, tells how

Scotch fortitude braces itself against the new year, and ends with a description of a run out of town to the Pentland Hills.

Mr. T. Hamilton Crawford's etchings and pen-drawings do justice to his picturesque material. He shows us the quaint and gable-fronted houses of High Street, the smoke-grimed and shower-washed city from the Salisbury crags, the handsome Gothic Parliament Hall, the Canongate cross reduced to its shaft, the chimney-like towers of the Advocates' Close, the Tolbooth with its bracketed clock, and many another architectural chimney. The book is handsomely bound in dark green stamped with the arms of the city.

"The Myths of the New World"

A Treatise on the Symbolism and Mythology of the Red Race of America. By Daniel G. Brinton. Philadelphia: David McKay.

THE AUTHOR, in his preface to this third edition of his now classic work, remarks that "it has been subjected to a thorough revision, much of the text having been rewritten and about fifty pages of new matter added," and observes that "the most important contributions to native American mythology which have been published since the appearance of the second edition have been consulted and will be found mentioned in the notes." He might with strict propriety have added that most of these important contributions have been made by himself. His two profound volumes on "Races and Peoples" (1890) and on "The American Race" (1894), when interwoven with his general disquisition, have had the effect of elevating it into a science, without burdening it with too much of detail; and his contributions on "Nagualism" and his "Primer of Mayan Hieroglyphics" have added new historical discoveries of importance. The various treatises on origins, as presented by J. W. Powell, W. H. Holmes, F. H. Cushing, C. Thomas, A. S. Gatschet, A. J. Dorsey and other members of the American Bureau of Mythology, as well as by the Rev. A. Lacombe, the Rev. A. G. Morice, Baron von Tschudi, E. Seler and other writers of a similar rank, have been carefully quoted in this new edition, with the author's usual accuracy of citation.

Fiction

RELIGIOUS or poetic allegories, unless they are powerfully and dramatically told, like Spenser's or Dante's or Bunyan's, are apt to produce a painful effect, the reverse of that planned and plotted by the allegorist. Thus, we have not been able to read "The Child, the Wise Man, and the Devil," a dream of a Christless world, by Coulson Kernahan, without various pangs and shudderings, which undoubtedly do homage to the imaginative powers of the author, but which spoil the enjoyment of his conception as a work of art. Religious truths have often been taught under the guise of allegorical dreams; the magical machinery of sleep was often set in motion by Chaucer, Virgil and the poetic Sciot; and dreamland has sometimes given us beautiful things; not often. The intention of the booklet before us is excellent, and the dream of a world from which Christ had departed, *à la* Jean Paul, is told in solemn and reverent accents, with didactic purpose; but one may dissent from the form without entirely condemning the result. Perhaps religious teaching had better be confined to the creeds and the tracts. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)—"MARIS STELLA," by Marie Clothilde Balfour, is a sad little story of Norman and Breton fishing-people, of a family quarrel, obstinacy, dim notions of honor, separation, a suggested sea tragedy, remorse and madness. It is artistically told, and seems to give a hint of something stronger to come. (Roberts Bros.)

A DOUBLE mystery and a good deal of talk about religious matters divide the reader's attention in "The Vocation of Edward Conway," by Maurice F. Egan. The reader suspects from the outset that he is to be edified, rather than amused; but he is likely to be both, especially if he happen to be a Catholic. An old army officer, Major Conway, who, during the war, had come into the possession of a sum of money, the real owner of which he could not trace, buys with it a tract of land near the Hudson River, and establishes a sort of Arcadian colony, which he calls "Swansmere." To him comes a Southern cousin, the hero of the tale, who converts Miss Bernice Conway to Catholicism, proves that the money, about which some trouble had begun, had always been in the family, and, to enter the church, quits his convert. She, however, captures a convert of her own, and marries him. We shall not be so unkind as to give the key to the second mystery. The book is smartly written, and much more readable than the religious-controversial novel usually is. (New York: Benziger Bros.)—It WAS a good idea, in order to introduce Irving to the young genera-

tion, which may think of him as a classic, and, therefore, uninteresting, to present in one volume a selection of his more stirring and dramatic tales. In "Stories and Legends from Washington Irving" we have a sufficient variety to meet many tastes; relations of the perilous voyage of Dolph Heyliger from Hoboken to Albany, the apprehension of Kidd, the pirate, of Tom Walker's meeting with the devil, Wolfert Webber's cabbages, King Philip's War, Rip Van Winkle's Dream, and Don Fernando's discovery of the Seven Cities. The selection is an excellent one; and, thanks to the versatility of "process," the effects proper to several forms of illustration have been copied—etching, wood-engraving and half-tone. The binding is a very pretty one, in buff, red and gold. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

It is a very pampered and pernicky young person that will not be delighted with the fairy-tales of Mabel Fuller Blodgett. Even were the tales only moderately good, the delicious nightmare illustrations of witches scaling the cloudy ramparts of the sky, and royal infants, with crowns rakishly atilt, disporting themselves in ballet skirts, are enough to make sedate grown-ups bribe Father Time to turn the hands of his cosmic clock back to the golden hours of childhood. Of course, there are princes and princesses galore in this volume, as one should expect in a good orthodox fairy-land, where it takes no more or better material to make them with titles and sceptres than without. There is, however, considerable concession made to the spirit of modernity in the names and characteristics of these royal folk. Prince Peppermint and Princess Sarsaparilla bespeak a popocratic christening as well as a botanical foreshadowing of their affinity. Their kingly councils, too, savor not of the musty atmosphere of regal conclaves, but rather of the wild and grassy haunts to which these youthful monarchs turn from the perplexities of court problems. One recognizes just a touch of the *femina nova* (pray let her take the veil of a translation, if only for a moment) in Princess Sarsaparilla. But time and space fail to unfold the delightful nonsensical wisdom of the leading actors in these tales, and one can only wish that all good children may sometime meet Prince Peppermint, his Queen Sarsaparilla and all the witches and ogres that glide so gaily through this book. (Lamson, Wolfe & Co.)

"THE VILLAGE OF Youth, and Other Fairy Tales," by Bessie Hatton, illustrated by W. H. Margetson with pictures in half-tone, some of which are really clever, shows some power of invention and much fanciful ingenuity, especially in the tales of "The Garden of Innocence," "A Child of the Winds" and "The Flower that Reached Sun-Land." (Frederick A. Stokes Co.)—EDWARD WILLIAM THOMSON'S "Walter Gibbs, the Young Boss," is a somewhat romantic essay at realism, dealing with engineering works in Canadian marshes, the law of contract, the habits of quarrymen and many other things. There is a Robinson Crusoeish air about the narrative, which otherwise might be rather dry reading. But as it is, much sound information about tempering steel, feeding laborers and the like, is blent with the romance of camping out, and all together make an agreeable medley. Several other stories of Canadian adventure follow, illustrated with pictures in half-tone. (Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.)—"JERRY the Blunderer," by Lily F. Wesselhoeft, is a tale of a dog—that is to say, a dog at most points, but one of nature's comedians at some. And, as a star in his way, he is well supported by a raccoon, a kitten and a low-comedy dog, named Business. There are photographic portraits of the principal members of the company. (Roberts Bros.)—THE heroine of "Probable Sons," by the author of "Eric's Good News," is a mixture of Bible and baby, calculated to melt the heart of an agnostic old bachelor; which she does by means of new readings that would probably not be accepted by any set of revisers, however learned and liberal. (Fleming H. Revell Co.)

"LA GRANDE BRETECHE," with the two *études de femmes* which lead up to it, is included, with several other short stories, in the latest volume of the new edition of the *Comédie Humaine*, translated by Clara Bell and edited by Mr. George Saintsbury. Of these less known stories, "The Imaginary Mistress" and "Albert Savarus" are both remarkable as containing character studies of sufficient force and finish for a long romance. Count Paz in the former is one of Balzac's best creations; and many will agree with the editor in preferring Rosalie de Watteville, in the latter, to any other of his sketches of young girls. But, though frequently retouched, all of these stories lack finish; and, while some of the

characters are excellent, the moral of each piece is conventional, and the action often uninteresting. The etchings by Mr. D. Murray-Smith are commonplace. (Macmillan Co.)—"THE Wonderful Fairies of the Sun" form several confraternities and sisterhoods, and engage in various lines of business as street-sprinklers, snow-makers and so forth. Their doings are told in artless verse and illustrated with unconventional drawings by Ernest Vincent Wright and Cora M. Norman. (Roberts Bros.)—"OLD TIME STORIES," by E. Louise Smythe, contains a number of old-time stories, fairy-tales and myths as they were retold by children after having been read to them. Several of Hans Andersen's tales, "Little Red Riding Hood" and a number of Norse myths have been treated in this way. (Chicago: Werner School Book Co.)

TWO MORE volumes of the new edition of John Galt's novels, edited by D. S. Meldrum, contain between them "The Provost" and the longer and comparatively little known story, "The Last of the Lairds," with notes and a glossary. Mr. S. R. Crockett, in his introduction, specifies his reasons for including the last-named work, spite of its general dullness and the light esteem in which its author held it. These reasons are mainly such as might move the local antiquary, and will hardly commend themselves to the average novel-reader. But then, none of Galt's works is likely to interest that person much. His strength is in minute and realistic delineation of character, and of incidents and situations commonplace themselves, but which he invests, when at his best, with a charm like that which many people find in photographs or in reflected images. There is much of this charm in both of the works before us, but particularly in "The Provost," which is a sort of companion piece to "The Annals of the Parish," the re-appearance of which we have already noticed. In both, too, the author's own genial and amiable character makes itself felt; and, spite of occasional dullness, the quiet, easily pleased reader will find his reward in perusing them. The illustrations, by Mr. John Wallace, suffer much from the imperfections of the process (half-tone) used in reproducing them. (Roberts Bros.)

THAT learned and critical tomfoolery which was so much in fashion in the early half of the century, has produced few more enjoyable things than some of the satirical tales of Thomas Love Peacock, among them "Nightmare Abbey," in which Shelley is caricatured as the too impressionable Scythrop, and Byron as the mad and melancholy Mr. Cypress. The story contains, too, some of the best of Peacock's songs—"Why are thy looks so blank, grey friar?" the admirable parody on Byron, "There is a fever of the local spirit," and the excellent catch, "Seamen Three," which may have suggested to Mr. Kipling the title of his most famous book. In prefixing to this the merely farcical tale of "Headlong Hall," Mr. George Saintsbury, who edits the new edition of Peacock's works, was doubtless moved mostly by the fact that the two tales together neatly fill a volume. "Headlong Hall," with all its practical joking, its revelry and its satire, will be found difficult by one set of modern readers and dull by another; but the amorous misadventures and the speculative philanthropy of the unfortunate Scythrop will be enjoyed by all. Mr. H. R. Millar's pen-and-ink illustrations are full of action and spirit, but he does better in those to the first story than in his sketches for the second, in which a finer sense of character than his is needed. His Scythrop, in especial, is merely a fool, while Peacock's is the unripe enthusiast, and as amiable as he is laughable. (Macmillan Co.)

QUIDA's history of "Two Little Wooden Shoes" and their unavailing tramp to Paris is, we need hardly repeat, one of her best and most interesting stories. A Flemish Gretchen and a painter Faust are the principal, and almost the only, characters; the scene is laid mainly in Flanders and among simple country people; and the one glimpse of Paris that the wearer of the wooden shoes gets, comes as a sudden contrast to the general tone of the story. Mr. Edmund H. Garrett has furnished some characteristic pen-and-ink illustrations of Bébé and her painter-prince under the chestnuts, of Bébé on her travels, and of her fright on her entrance into the studio. (J. B. Lippincott Co.)—MRS. BURTON HARRISON'S bundle of pleasant tales, "A Daughter of the South, and Shorter Stories," has been added to Cassell's Union Square Library. (Cassell Pub. Co.)—JULIAN HAWTHORNE'S tale of mystery, Aztec treasure, irrigation and love, "The Golden Fleece," has been added to the Lots Library. (J. B. Lippincott Co.)

The Lounger

SOME TIME AGO, Mr. John Lane printed for private circulation a pretty little pamphlet in which he told how he came to be a publisher, and how he came to choose the sign of the Bodley Head as his trade-mark. In the summer of 1887 he went with a friend to an exhibition of pictures at the Rembrandt Head Gallery, in Vigo Street. He had long had a desire to be a publisher, and the atmosphere of Vigo Street fed the flame. When he asked the proprietor of the Gallery if he knew of any cosy corner where a bookshop would be in fit setting, the latter at once replied that the premises in Vigo Street where the Rembrandt Head had originally hung out its sign were vacant. Mr. Lane was charmed with the place, as well he might be, and entered into negotiations for renting it at once. These negotiations having been carried through successfully, the next thing was a sign. Inspiration waited upon the wish, he writes. It should be the Bodley Head, for what fitter patron saint could he have than the founder of the Bodleian Library, who was also a native of Devon, Mr. Lane's own shire.

SO THE Bodley Head came into being. The accompanying sketch gives an excellent idea of the entrance to Mr. Lane's place



of business. This is the Vigo Street entrance, but it is not the only one, for you may enter from Piccadilly through the long hall of the Albany, of which famous bachelor lodgings it is a part. The rooms that Mr. Lane occupies were once occupied by Macaulay, who wrote there either the "History of England," or the "Lays of Ancient Rome," or something equally well-known. The Albany is no longer given over exclusively to bachelors. Mr. Charles Dana Gibson and his bride lived there last summer, in an apartment rented from a gentleman who has lived there with his wife for some time. The male bachelors do not have it all their own way in London, so far as lodgings go, or even so far as clubs go. The woman bachelor has many more privileges and comforts in London than she has in New York, as Miss Mary Gay Humphreys has pointed out.

TO RETURN for a moment to the Bodley Head. There, on stated occasions, Mr. Lane serves tea to his authors and an American friend or two. As his authors are usually interesting people, the guest has reason to congratulate himself. To Mr. Lane belongs the honor of having made afternoon tea a link in the chain that binds author and publisher. Tea has not yet, so far as I know, been introduced at the New York branch of the Bodley Head, but I dare say that, when Mr. Lane himself is in this city, we shall hear the kettle sing and scent the aroma of the cup that cheers in the Fifth Avenue basement.

THERE SEEMS to be a sort of triangular duel going on between Mr. W. W. Astor, Mr. S. S. McClure and Mr. Charles Scribner. It appears that when Mr. McClure paid a big price for "St. Ives," he thought that he had the American field for serial publication to himself. But he reckoned without taking Mr. Astor's ambitions as an editor and publisher into account. Mr. Astor may be running *The Pall Mall Magazine* as a toy, but at the same time, if by any means he can make his toy of pecuniary value, he is going at least to try to do so. The United States is a tempting field, the possibilities whereof few English publishers can resist, as I told in this column only last week. Mr. Astor was one of the first to take advantage of it. *The Pall Mall Magazine* has been working hard for an American circulation, and seems to have succeeded better than Mr. McClure anticipated. When he agreed to the publication of "St. Ives" in *The Pall Mall*, he supposed that Mr. Astor's magazine was designed for an English circulation only. Now that it is being pushed over here, and is said to have an American circulation of some ten or twenty thousand copies, Mr. McClure regards it with a suspicious eye and wishes to restrain it by legal process from poaching on his preserves, and using his own bait for the purpose. The Astor faction is indignant and claims prior rights to those of Mr. McClure, who knew, says Mr. Astor's lawyer, that he did not buy the story with exclusive rights for the United States. He bought the right to publish it here in his magazine, but not the right to keep *The Pall Mall* out of the country, and there the matter rests for the present.

MR. SCRIBNER'S share in the quarrel is not very great. He was accused of having made objection to the fact that "St. Ives" was copyrighted in the United States by Mr. McClure, when he, Mr. Scribner, was to publish it in book-form. He puts an end to this side of the controversy by saying that he knew that Mr. McClure was taking out the copyright in his own name, and had no objection to his doing so.

MR. MCCLURE says that a false impression has gone abroad concerning his connection with his own magazine. A paragraph started in *The Critic* a week or so ago, and very widely circulated, has led people, it seems, to believe that Mr. Gardiner G. Hubbard and not Mr. McClure is the editor of *McClure's Magazine*. That was not the impression that the paragraph was written to convey. The truth of the matter is that Mr. McClure was never more active in the editorial management of his magazine than he is at the present moment. Mr. Hubbard wrote to an author; who was a personal friend of his, to ask him to contribute to *McClure's*, but Mr. McClure fixed the price. All that Mr. Hubbard did was to write to the author, the Hon. Carl Schurz, who is a very busy man and a very difficult man to get. Without Mr. McClure's guiding hand, his magazine could never hold its present popularity; his striking personality is stamped on every page of it.

CIVIL-SERVICE EXAMINATIONS in the Adjutant-General's office at Washington are apparently a mockery. Miss Maud Stahlnecker passed the examination for the position of translator of

modern languages in the office when all the men examined failed; but she is not to get the appointment because she is a woman. Then why, if women are to be ruled out, was she examined? Was she any less a woman before the examination than after it? If she had failed to pass, would she have had a better chance of securing the appointment? Is the passing of a difficult examination a proof, in itself, that a woman is incompetent to hold an office? In what has Miss Stahlnecker shown her disqualification for the position for which she appears to be most eminently qualified?

WHEN I HEARD that the famous painting, "Washington Crossing the Delaware," was to be sold with the other works included in the Roberts collection, I said at once that it would be bought for the Metropolitan Museum of Art. I had no idea who would buy it; but I felt that one or another of the Museum's generous friends could be counted upon to make the gift. So I was not surprised when I read, in my morning paper, that Mr. John S. Kennedy, who has done so much for the Lenox Library, had paid \$16,100 for the picture, and announced his intention of giving it to the Metropolitan. By the way: how many persons who have read this paragraph could have named the painter of this familiar work? A popular vote would probably have attributed it to Benjamin West, rather than to Leutze. At the same sale, Church's "Rainy Season in the Tropics" went to Mr. J. O. Wright, for only \$1550.

AT PRINCETON'S jolly alumni feast, it was amusing to hear the reverend Doctor of Divinity who presides over Nassau Hall and its dependencies, blowing a horn, as it were, over the University's athletic victories:—

"The year 1896 has been in many respects the *annus mirabilis* of Princeton. We won the baseball championship; we won the championship in the Olympic games, and we won the football championship. [Fervent voice from the floor intoning 'Amen.'] And we celebrated the 150th anniversary of the founding of the College, the President of the United States delivering on that occasion an address which I venture to say will go down in history as one of the most remarkable addresses ever delivered by any President."

Turning from the past to the present, President Patton heartily commended the pending Anglo-American arbitration treaty.

SENATOR MURPHY's bill for the erection of a new Custom House in New York, on the site of the present inadequate structure, provides for the appointment of five commissioners to superintend the work of building, each of whom is to be paid \$5000 a year for his services. For decency's sake, an architect (Mr. George B. Post) has been made one of the commissioners. The others are ex-Mayor Grant (who, by the merest coincidence, is Senator Murphy's son-in-law), the present Collector of Customs, Mr. Kilbreth (who will probably go out of office before work is begun), Mr. Edward F. Brown, a lawyer, and Mr. Charles N. Taintor, school-book publisher and ex-Police Justice. As there is a Supervising Architect in the pay of the Government, the appointment of four politicians and an architect to draw \$5000 each per year is as barefaced a job as our legislators have ever put up. If it was a bit of log-rolling to facilitate the getting of the much-needed new building, so much the worse for Congress.

THE ANNOUNCEMENT THAT the recent decision in favor of the colleges by no means settles the Fayerweather will contest, which will probably be kept alive in the courts so long as there is a dollar to wrangle over, is a fresh reminder of the folly of waiting till you are dead, before disposing of your superfluous millions. For my part, I shall make no such mistake. I have had too many warnings. No man should be his own lawyer, but every man should

be his own executor. If one has neglected to dispose of the bulk of his estate while living, I should recommend the simplest possible form of testament—such, for instance, as the following:—"I hereby leave all my wordly possessions to the Lounger."

MISS LUCY S. FURMAN, whose volume of "Stories of a Sanctified Town" is attracting considerable attention, comes of an old



MISS LUCY S. FURMAN

South Carolina family, but was born and reared in Henderson, Ky. Her father was a physician, whose constant companion she was in childhood and early youth on his daily rounds. Driving about in the quiet streets of the town and along the country roads, Miss Furman had ample time to ruminate over the sights she saw in the houses that she entered, with her father, and to receive from him an education that went to the roots of human life—as the observations of country physicians are apt to do. Miss Furman also learned to love country life, and it was but natural, therefore, that, when she grew up, she should write about what she had known so long and so well. The incidents of her volume of stories were mostly suggested to her by the very real religious experiences of her friends at "the Station." For several years past, Miss Furman has lived at Evansville, Ind. (See review on page 75.)

A FRIEND OF MINE who had subscribed for a copy of the large-paper edition of Fiske's "American Revolution," at \$16, marched into the New York office of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., shortly after its delivery, and demanded his money back. He had detected an error that robbed the book of its value. "All right," said the salesman, "we shall be very glad to take it off your hands; for the last quotation at private sale was \$30." My friend was only jesting, however, and said so; for he values the edition highly, as everyone must value it, who possesses a copy. The imperfection he referred to was the transposition of two figures on page 160 of the second volume, where one reads that "during the summer of 1870 the wholesale robbery on the high seas grew worse than ever." This is one of those obvious errors that mislead no one.

The Best Twelve American Stories

SEVERAL YEARS AGO we received from the late Mr. Wolcott Balestier a letter containing the following suggestion:—

"I have two ideas in mind about the Library, by the way, which may interest you: One of them is to include Walt Whitman, at least so far as the poems and 'Specimen Days' are concerned. Another is to publish, in either one or two volumes, the best dozen short stories that have been written in America. I do not quite dare to select them myself. Suppose you offer the question to a *Critic* competition."

It has long been our intention to propose a *plébiscite* on this subject, though Mr. Balestier's too early death and the consequent discontinuance of the English Library removed the motive which first impelled us to do so. We therefore take pleasure in announcing that we shall be glad to have our readers send us lists of the *best twelve short stories of American authorship*. No story of more than fifteen thousand words should be included. The polls will close on March 30, and to the person sending the list which we regard as the best, we shall give \$15 worth of books, at American publishers' prices.

Lists should be written on only one side of the sheet. And on the envelope should be written the words "Short Stories."

287 FOURTH AVE., New York. EDITORS OF THE CRITIC.

Miss Martha Morton

MISS MARTHA MORTON is not the only American woman writing plays, but it will certainly be admitted that she is one of the most successful. Her three best-known works were written for Mr. William Crane—"Brother John," "His Wife's Father" and "A Fool of Fortune." Miss Morton always attends the first performances of her plays, and watches the audience from a secluded corner of a box. She can tell better how a play is going by watching the audience than by watching the actors. In a recent interview, published in the *Tribune*, Miss Morton said that, if she had known half of the discouragements to be met with in play-writing, she would never have followed the profession. She thinks it a most difficult thing for a woman to acquire a prac-

tical knowledge of the theatre. In writing her plays, she confided to the reporter, Miss Morton finds the use of a chess-board and a set of chessmen of the greatest help. She has before her a ground plan of the stage on which the play is to be produced, with the furniture, or other articles, set in the order in which they are to appear. The chess-board corresponds to this ground plan, and, as Miss Morton decides upon a certain entrance for a character, she puts a piece upon the square which approximates the position of the door through which he comes. As the character moves to the centre or front of the stage, as it may be, the chess piece is moved in like manner. This method is especially useful when there is a large group on the stage, and great care has to be taken that the movements of the different actors do not conflict with each other.

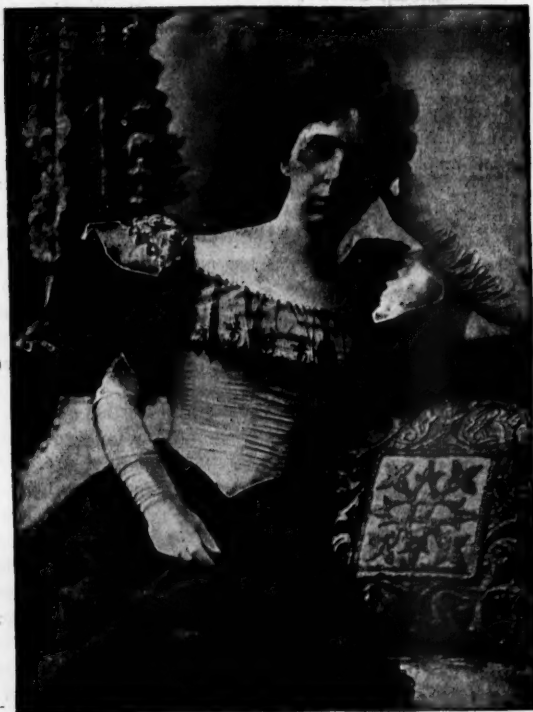
Miss Morton was born in New York and educated in the public schools. The first of her plays to attract attention was called "The Merchant." It won a prize offered by the *New York World* about eight years ago.

Managers are no more infallible than are publishers. Miss Morton's play, "The Merchant," had been declined by nearly every manager in New York, and she was almost convinced herself that it had no merit and was about to use it for curl-papers, or for kindling fires, when a lucky accident intervened. She heard that the *New York World* had offered a prize of several thousand dollars for an original American play, so she thought that there was no harm in giving her rejected manuscript another chance. Rolling it up in a hard roll (enough of itself to prejudice a jury against it), she addressed it to *The World* and placed it on the outside of a street letter-box. "I really hoped that some one would steal it for the stamps," she afterwards told a friend, for it had given her so many disappointments that she was tired and sick of it. The jury chosen to award the prize pronounced "The Merchant" the best of the many plays submitted, and Miss Morton was not only paid several thousand dollars, but the play received a special performance at the Union Square Theatre, then under the management of Mr. A. M. Palmer. And—greater triumph still!—one of the very managers who had rejected it now expressed his eagerness to pay a large sum for it, and was as good as his word. The play was taken "on the road" and proved a success, though not so great as either of the plays that she has written for Mr. Crane. Miss Morton does not confine her talents to Mr. Crane's service. She has just written a play for Mr. Sol Smith Russell, from which much is expected.

London Letter

THE CASE of Smith, Elder & Co. *vs.* Stead, which was heard in the Chancery Division on Tuesday before Mr. Justice Kekewich, has a very important bearing upon the question of copyright as it affects certain forms of journalism. Although the case was brought in the name of a single firm, it is really the action of the Publishers' Association, which has therefore showed itself for the first time to the general public in a mood of energy. It is, moreover, rumored in private that, now that a ruling has been established, other cases will follow, and the review that consists of large-handed "gutting" will shortly become an impossibility. The test case was concerned with "Sir George Tressady" and *The Review of Reviews*. In the October number of that periodical, Mr. Stead published a so-called review of Mrs. Humphry Ward's novel, which, after the custom of its kind, was little more than a *résumé* of the tale illustrated by long verbatim extracts. Furthermore, in his "Masterpiece Library" Mr. Stead had condensed the book and published the best portions of it for a penny, and upon both these counts he was sued for breach of copyright. The case never grew to maturity, for, directly it was called, Mr. Stead undertook to withdraw the offending volume, to consent to an injunction upon the October number of *The Review of Reviews*, and to submit all such notices in future to the publishers of the books he may seek to praise. Thus a precedent was established, and the object of the Association abundantly secured.

The question has always been one of great interest among all who are connected with the making of books, and more especially to that class of author by whom a large sale is considered the hall-mark of literary success. Does the "extracting" review help or harm a book? That has been the question. It is a difficult point, for contrary cases arise at every turn. Two such conflicting instances have come under my notice during the last few months. In one, a work which had been published for some time and was enjoying a slow but fairly steady sale—a copy here, a copy there—was some two months ago treated by an editor who is notorious for the *ré-*



MISS MARTHA MORTON

summary-review to two weeks' notice in his paper. Since that time four copies of this book have been ordered, and no more. In another instance, a work was published in the early spring, and fell almost still-born from the press. It was treated by Mr. Stead to a lengthy notice, full of copious extracts, and the demand for it was instantaneous and wide. Evidently, there are varying fortunes in such a case; and it is hard to argue from examples. But generally speaking, it is safe to say that the *résumé* is detrimental. Many worthy burgesses buy a certain paper primarily for its extracts from current books, and confess that, because they find what they need there, they are not book-buyers. It is not improbable that one or two periodicals will cease to exist, and that several will be forced to change their tactics, after Tuesday's proceedings. And in no case is it likely that the author will suffer for the change. There are too many readers of newspapers and too few book-buyers just now for the interests of literature to be satisfactorily served. Any change must be for the better.

A new publisher, by the way, starts business with the new year, in the person of Mr. Grant Richards, a nephew of Mr. Grant Allen. Mr. Richards has been for some years Mr. Stead's lieutenant on *The Review of Reviews*, and has done most of the short reviews for that periodical. His first publication is to be a new political annual, called "Politics in 1896," for the editing of which Mr. Richards has secured the coöperation of Mr. Frederick Whelen. He will shortly after issue a philosophical work by Mr. Edward Clodd, the well-known President of the Folk-Lore Society, entitled "Pioneers of Evolution: from Thales to Huxley."

Talking of year-books reminds me that a great deal is expected of Mr. George Allen's Literary Annual, which will be ready early in February. Mr. Ernest Rhys is to contribute a summary of the literature of 1896, which is safe to be a fresh and suggestive piece of work, for Mr. Rhys does but little journalism and will thus be secure from the jaded tone which characterises so many of these "retrospects." There will also be separate reviews of the more important books of the year, portraits and biographical sketches of leading writers, and a directory of authors and publishers, that either branch of literary activity may know where to find the other. The whole thing is such an admirable idea that one marvels how it can so long have escaped the vigilance of the resourceful.

Readers of "An Englishman in Paris" will be sorry to hear that its ingenious author, Mr. A. D. Vandam, has been seriously indisposed for some time. He is a penman of immense activity, and it would seem that he has somewhat overtaken his powers. That the class of work which he produces retains its popularity is proved by the fact that his last book, "Undercurrents of the French Empire," has been one of his most successful, alike from the point of view of repute and of sale. Though published at a "net price," it has been purchased in greater numbers than any of his books, save the phenomenally popular "Englishman in Paris."

From time to time there are fresh rumors with regard to the dramatic version of "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," in which, it is understood, Mrs. Patrick Campbell will some day or other play the heroine. It is now reported that things are in a more advanced state than heretofore, and that the Avenue Theatre will most probably be the place of production. It is at least certain that Mr. Thomas Hardy and Mrs. Campbell have had long consultations; and that, whenever the talented actress does appear as Tess, she will come before her audience fortified with many suggestions from the real "creator" of the character.

Mr. Augustin Daly has purchased all rights in a new play by Mr. A. M. Heathcote, and has thus given the first important chance to a dramatist of real promise. Mr. Heathcote was for years well known in amateur ranks, both as actor and as author; and one of his little pieces, "The Anchorite," has probably been more often played than any other unprinted comedietta. His first success upon the real stage was "The Duchess of Bayswater & Co.," which is now a great favorite with amateurs. Mr. Heathcote only took to dramatic writing as a profession comparatively late in life, but, if Mr. Daly's play succeeds, he will probably be heard of more conspicuously in the future.

The gardens of Moor Park, in Surrey, famous for its connection with Sir William Temple and Swift and Stella, have always been open to the public. The present owner, Sir William Rose, Bart., announces that he has "reluctantly been compelled to close the lodge gates" of the estate, because there has come up between him and the local authorities a question as to the public rights of way on the estate. Sir William maintains that none exist, and to emphasize the fact admits the public only on application to him.

LONDON, 15 Jan., 1897.

ARTHUR WAUGH.

The Fine Arts

Mr. Pennell's Drawings for "The Alhambra"

MR. JOSEPH PENNELL'S drawings for his illustrations of Washington Irving's "The Alhambra," which are now on exhibition at Keppel's gallery, have all his well-known cleverness, and are more than usually interesting because of their subject. Most are in pen-and-ink, of which medium Mr. Pennell knows all the capabilities; a few are in India-ink or *gouache*, and these are the more satisfactory for being less clever. The artist is at his best in treating landscape and architecture, and the groves, the ruined terraces and towers, and tiled courts of the Alhambra and the Generalife offer many charming combinations of both. Among the most effective of the drawings are those of the Calle de los Gomeres, a steep, sunlit street overhung by gardens and scattered houses; the Court of Lions, with its celebrated and curious fountain supported by carved lions that look like bulldogs; several of the Hall of the Abencerrages and other interiors with tiled walls and fret-work arcades; the heavy Renaissance gate of the Alhambra, with its background of dark foliage; and views of the rocky valley of the Darro, the cypresses and fountain of the Generalife, and the ruined arches by the old Moorish Mint. An uncommonly successful bit of work in its way is the drawing of "A solitary Mule path," in which the pen-and-ink "tints" have a quality that reminds one of *Vierge*. A number of small "lithographs" appear to have been produced by transferring pencil-sketches to the stone—a process which robs the blacks of their richness and depth. Otherwise, many of them deserve the praise which Mr. Whistler (who has made use of the same process) bestows on them.

The *édition de luxe* of "The Alhambra" for which the drawings were made is published by The Macmillan Co. A review of the regular edition of the book appeared in our issue of Dec. 19,

Art Notes

DON RAIMUNDO DE MADRAZO, the Spanish portrait-painter, arrived in this city on Jan. 24, on the steamship *La Gascogne*. He will open a studio at the galleries of Julius Oehme, 384 Fifth Avenue, but only for a short while, as he does not propose to stay in this country. Among the well-known Americans whose portraits Señor Madrazo has painted are Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Sr., Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, the late Mr. and Mrs. Robert L. Cutting and the late Robert L. Stuart. The Spanish painter was born in Rome in 1841, and has lived in Paris for the last thirty-five years. His father was Director of the Academy of Fine Arts in Madrid.

—Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith has on exhibition at Avery's Galleries a collection of thirty-nine water-colors of Venice, Constantinople, Moscow and Holland, the results of his latest annual trip abroad. They all show an increase in strength and seriousness, which materially adds to their value.

—An architectural club on the lines of the Art Students' League was founded in this city on Jan. 21, under the name of the Acropolis Club. Two classes will be formed, one to take up the problems in design of the Beaux Arts Society, with Thomas Hastings as critic, and the other to be a life class under the tuition of George W. Maynard. Other work will be taken up later.

The Drama

"The First Gentleman of Europe"

ALTHOUGH this play by Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett and "George Fleming" (Miss Constance Fletcher), produced at the Lyceum Theatre, is not a dramatic or literary masterpiece, it is so greatly superior in character and workmanship to the general run of modern theatrical pieces, that it is entitled to prompt recognition and hearty commendation. Although founded upon an incident which, so far as the writer knows, is wholly fictitious, it may be described as a semi-historical romantic comedy, for it not only brings forward George IV. in his Prince of Wales days, but conveys a lively and reasonably truthful impression of London social life at the end of the eighteenth century. The story, which might easily be true, is interesting in itself and is told with both skill and effect. A young scholar, George Carteret, having quarrelled with his father, a rich but rough and overbearing country baronet, is trying to make a living in London out of literature, and, in spite of his ability, is at the point of starvation for the want of a helping hand. He has been born on the same day and in the same year as the Prince of Wales, whom, in his innocence, he believes to be a para-

gon, not only of elegance, but of virtue. His one desire is to get an audience with him, in order to present a paper in defence of Charles Fox, which will, he is sure, make him rich and famous, and enable him to marry the daughter of his landlord, the beautiful Daphne, with whom he is over head and ears in love.

Meanwhile the Prince, also, is in love with Daphne, introduces himself to her under the name of Col. Ffolliott, and establishes himself in the favor of the family, by purchasing a beautiful golden bowl from her father, thereby saving him from bankruptcy and imprisonment. He patronizes Carteret and wins the good will of the lovers by promising to use his influence with the Prince in his behalf. His constant attention to Daphne, however, excites the jealousy of his mistress, Lady Sark—who might just as well have been introduced under her own name,—and the latter, by an ingenious device, spoils his game by bringing him face to face with Carteret at Carlton House and compelling him to acknowledge his identity. This is a capital scene. Carteret, furious with rage and grieved at the shattering of his idol, denounces the royal profligate before his associates, and finally challenges him to fight, whereupon he is disarmed and given into custody. The Prince then betakes himself to Daphne and employs all his arts, but in vain, to seduce her. Finding her devotion unalterable, he tries another tack, announces his true rank, and demands her self-surrender as the sole price of her lover's liberty. At last, after a storm of tears and protestations, she agrees to the terms, but by this time the Prince himself, touched by her love and her despair, has relented, and when Carteret, who has broken jail, appears upon the scene in search of vengeance, he finds his royal rival in a penitent, apologetic and generous mood, and the curtain falls upon the reunited lovers.

The play, as has been intimated, is constructed with a keen sense of dramatic effect, and is also very well written, the imitation of the style of the period being excellent. A little condensation of the dialogue, however, would quicken and heighten the effect of the action. The acting on the first night was fair, but not so good as the play. Mr. Hackett was a handsome Prince and carried himself with no little dignity, but his manner lacked the true courtly grace and ease. His elocution, too, was harsh, monotonous and unskilful, but in the last act his earnestness atoned for a good many defects. Miss Mannering gave a charming impersonation of Daphne, and, in spite of her want of stage cunning, created a marked effect by her pathetic appeals to her father and her passionate expostulations to the Prince. Mr. Morgan deserves a word of praise for the sincerity of his Carteret, and Mrs. Thomas Whiffen for her sketch of Daphne's selfish and unprincipled old mother. Mr. Walcot, too, was capital as an irascible old father of the conventional stage type. Mr. Frank Mills, one of the Prince's dissolute companions, has some curious notions regarding court manners, and Miss Shotwell, except as an attractive picture, is scarcely equal to the requirements of Lady Sark. Another weak spot was the old goldsmith of Felix Morris, who, clever actor as he generally is, seemed to be quite out of touch with his character on this occasion. The entertainment, as a whole, was received very cordially by a very large and intelligent audience.

"Cymbeline"

ALL THAT IS necessary to be said about the revival of this Shakespearean play at Wallack's Theatre by Miss Margaret Mather may be put into very small compass. Considered as a Shakespearean performance it is scarcely worthy of any mention at all, although two or three of the principal characters are rendered intelligently. Most of the performers are the merest puppets, of the order generally pressed into service for a stage spectacle. Miss Mather, who has not been seen at a Broadway theatre for a considerable period, has not fulfilled the promise of her novitiate. At all events, she did not reveal, on the opening night, any especial capacity for the character of the tender, pure and devoted Imogen. There were traces of her former emotional power in her repulse of Iachimo's advances, in the great scene with Pisanio, and in her mistaken recognition of Posthumus in the dead body of Cloten, but, even at these points, her acting was tricky, insincere and self-conscious. Her impersonation, as a whole, was trivial, spasmodic and marred by affectations.

The Iachimo of Mr. Henley, an actor of positive but misdirected capacity, was a villain of coarse, melodramatic mould, forcible in a way, but over-emphatic, lacking grace, subtlety, devilry and intellectuality, and hopelessly transparent—a patent scoundrel with his heart upon his sleeve, for all observant daws to peck at. It is only fair to add that he was plainly suffering from physical disability. The most competent players were Mr. Redmund as

Pisanio, and Mr. Weaver as Belarius, and they labored under depression. On the other performers comment would be wasted, but the scenery, regarded simply as spectacle, was remarkably effective. The British interiors were chronologically impossible, but they were well drawn and well painted, and some of the landscapes, although not always right in color or atmosphere, were admirable in their suggestion of space and solidity. Where there was so much money to spend, it is a pity that there was no one to put it to better purpose.

Music

MME. MELBA sailed for Havre a week ago to-day in search of rest and recuperation. A great many silly stories have been told, but the truth is that the famous cantatrice has been suffering from influenza. She caught cold early in the season, and in the second week sang Juliette when she should have been confined to her room. She continued to sing in spite of medical advice, and each appearance incapacitated her for several days, so that she disappointed the public seven times in the course of the season. Her brave, but unwise, attempt to sing Brünnhilde in "Siegfried" was only a part of the cause of her trouble. In the climate of France she will undoubtedly recover the use of her voice, but it is hardly likely that she will return to America this season.

Wagnerites say that Mme. Melba attributes the origin of her troubles to the performance of "Romeo and Juliet," in which she lay for twenty minutes exposed to a draught. Those who are not Wagnerites say that the Master's music hurt her voice so much that she had to stop singing at once, or lose it.

The week past has not been prolific in musical performances of much importance. Jean de Reszké's appearance as Don José in "Carmen" added fresh interest to the latest repetition of that much-tried work. The famous tenor never gave a broader or more vigorous performance of the part, and his climax at the end of Act III, evoked great applause. Mme. Calvé sang and acted Carmen with her wonted vivacity and skill. It is said that Mme. Calvé intends to spend a year in Germany to learn the language, that she may sing in Wagnerian rôles.

At the January concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, a symphonic poem entitled "Wallenstein's Camp," by the Bohemian composer, Frederic Smetana, was produced. The work proved to be clear enough in purpose, but exceedingly weak in thematic ideas and ineffective in development. The chief interest of the concert was aroused by the orchestra's magnificent performance of Tchaikowsky's fourth symphony. The technical skill of the players was never exhibited to greater advantage, while the sweeping power of the performance simply electrified the audience.

Mme. Teresa Carreno's second recital was given at Carnegie Hall, and was attended by an audience which would have filled a more appropriate auditorium. The pianist played with her accustomed skill and enthusiasm, her best work being heard in the Beethoven sonata Opus 27, No. 2, and the Chopin A-flat ballade. Bad pedaling and an exaggerated *tempo rubato* mar all her playing.

At the concert of the Dannreuther Quartet on Thursday night, Rubinstein's quartet, Opus 96, was heard for the first time here. It proved to be an interesting attempt to expand the limits of quartet writing, most happy in the final allegro.

Mr. Bispham gave his second song recital at the Carnegie Lyceum on Jan. 22. The major part of the program was devoted to compositions by Schubert, in recognition of the nearness of the centenary of his birth, which will be to-morrow. Mr. Bispham was in good voice and sang with his accustomed sincerity. The Kneisel Quartet contributed to the concert some of its most admirable work, and Mr. Bispham had the further assistance of Mrs. Corinne Moore Lawson, soprano.

"The late Achille Errani, one of the best-known and one of the best teachers of singing in New York, was *not*," writes S. P., "as stated in *The Critic* of Jan. 16, the teacher of Miss Clara Louise Kellogg. Mr. Errani was altogether too good an artist to need to have attributed to him any pupil who was not his own. Curiously enough, the same misstatement appeared in one of the daily papers several years ago; and was then corrected by Mr. Errani in a letter to the editor. A personal friend of Mme. Strakosch, of Mr. Errani and of Mr. Rivarde, the writer begs to correct the misstatement to-day, as Mme. Strakosch and Mr. Errani would wish. Miss Kellogg—now Mme. Strakosch—was a pupil of Mr. P. A. Rivarde, who is still teaching in New York and ranks as one of the best musicians and teachers in America. The closest friendship always existed between Mr. Rivarde and Mr. Errani."

Education

MR. CHARLES GILBERT, Superintendent of Public Schools in Newark, N. J., delivered a lecture on "The Doctrine of the Worth While" before the Public Education Association on Jan. 22. He was introduced by Mrs. Edward R. Hewitt, and began by stating that he had selected his subject because it covered nearly everything in life. He spoke of the great loss that comes to humanity through misdirected energy, especially in education, proved that "knowledge is not power," and declared that "the end of education is the development of complete living. It is real, and only as we make the child understand this, will it regard life as worth living. The first constituent of wisdom is high ideals, the second is strength of will for the attainment of the ideal, the third is taste, a love for the good, true and beautiful; the fourth is judgment, by which we discern that the fundamental principle of life is life." Mr. Gilbert caused a stir when he said, in condemning much of our school literature as "trash," that "many children would be better off if never taught to read"—a statement which he repeated when asked by the President of the Association, Mrs. M. G. van Rensselaer, whether this was literally true. In conclusion, he said that it must be possible to teach, from the first class in the kindergarten to the last class in the university, that the true object of all education is right living, and that freedom guided by love is the only discipline needed in any school in any place, and especially in the schools for the poor. On the declination of President Gilman, last summer, Mr. Gilbert was proposed by Commissioner Hubbell of our Board of Education (and now its President) for the post of Superintendent in this city.

At its dinner at the St. Denis Hotel, on Jan. 18, the Congregational Club discussed "New York as an Educational Centre." The four phases of the subject pre-ented were:—"In Collegiate and Professional Work," by Nicholas Murray Butler; "In Literature," by Francis H. Stoddard of the University of the City of New York; "In Art," by William A. Coffin; and "In Business," by J. Aspinwall Hodge, Jr.

In a speech before the Beacon Society of Boston, on Jan. 23, Prof. Barrett Wendell of Harvard spoke of the desirability of the consolidation of that University and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. The plan, which has been much discussed since Gen. Walker's death, is not a new one, having been first proposed twenty-six years ago. The consolidation would give Harvard about 6000 students, and make her the first university of the country so far as numbers go. It is said that the Harvard authorities will not be the first to move in the matter.

The Alumni Association of the Teachers' College held its regular winter reunion and reception on Jan. 22, in the College building on Morningside Heights. Dr. Lyman Abbott was the guest of honor and delivered a lecture on "The Bible as Literature." He began by saying that there are two distinct ways of looking at the Bible. The first is to regard it as an infallible, inerrant revelation, complete and perfect in the beginning. The other is to study it from the literary and evolutionary standpoint, which is his own.

By the will of the late Robert Wright of Philadelphia, the bulk of his estate, amounting to over \$110,000, will eventually revert to the Apprentices' Library Company of that city, the Pennsylvania Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals and the Franklin Institute.

A liberal friend in New York has given \$10,000 to the building fund of Mount Holyoke College, Mass., whose dormitories were burned in September. The alumnae of the College in New York and its vicinity gathered the funds (\$30,000) for the first building to be erected since the fire. It will probably be ready for occupancy in April and will accommodate fifty students. They are now engaged in providing for its furnishing. About one-fourth of the students of Mount Holyoke during the sixty years of its existence have been from this state.

The donor of \$5000 to the class of '95 of Smith College, offers to give \$1000 for every \$2000 that the class may succeed in raising for the erection of a new academic building for the College.

Prof. J. A. Harrison will deliver a course of seven illustrated lectures on "The Homes and Haunts of British Authors," at Temperance Hall, University of Virginia, on successive Mondays, Fridays and Saturdays, beginning Feb. 3.

Prof. B. K. Emerson of Amherst College will be a delegate to the International Geological Congress to be held in St. Petersburg, next August. The delegates will be the guests of the Tsar during their stay in Russia, and he has arranged for them a trip through

the Ural Mountains and an excursion to the Caspian Sea, including the oil wells, and to Mount Ararat and Sebastopol.

The Curtius library, consisting of 3500 bound volumes and as many pamphlets, has been received at Yale in excellent condition. Its value cannot be judged by mere numbers, however, but it is stated on unimpeachable authority that this addition makes the Yale University Library first among the libraries in this country where works on Greek archaeology and history are concerned.

Notes

THE FIRST volume of the Outward Bound Edition of "The Writings in Prose and Verse of Rudyard Kipling" has just been issued by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons. It contains "Plain Tales from the Hills" and a general introduction by Mr. Kipling, who, as the owner of the cargo, addresses his publisher as the skipper of this craft, which is outward bound for a faraway western shore. The skipper will meet many kinds of people to whom to sell his wares—"many who can immediately discern the bad from the good," "others who, stamping on the deck and talking loud, infallibly choose the worst," and still others, "very cunning in the outside of things and full of words." There are wares there for women and children, but "the chief part of our business lies with men who are wearied at the end of the day. It is for the sake of these men that I have laded the buggalow. Seek these, O Nakhoda, before all others—at the end of the day, as I have said. * * * Little by little entice them away from their houses and their occupations till they come aboard the buggalow. And whether they descend into the run and read the private marks I have put upon the bales, or whether they lie upon the deck in the moonlight prying the small arms and krises; whether they stare a little and go overside again; or whether they take passage in the buggalow for a far voyage, you are the servant of these men, O Nakhoda, and the buggalow is theirs so long as they please. For though I am only a trader with no ware upon which there is not an open price, I do not forget how, when I was wearied at the end of the day, certain great captains sold me for a little silver that which I could not now find in any market."

The frontispiece of this volume consists of an excellent new etched portrait of the author; and Mr. John Lockwood Kipling's illustrations, photographed from models in clay, are a novelty that is artistic and most effective. The handsome paper on which the volume is printed has Rudyard Kipling's initials watermarked on every page; and the simple and tasteful cover bears on its centre a seal, with the lotus and swastika, which represents the elephant-headed Ganesha, the God of auspicious beginnings, with special relation to books. This seal is appropriately repeated on the title-page.

"The English edition of Dr. Nansen's book," says the London *Daily Chronicle*, "is nearly all in type, and he has only to conclude his revision of the proofs. Two shorthand writers have been with the explorer almost since he arrived at his home near Christiania. He has practically dictated the book to them and has absolutely declined to permit of the task being interrupted by any other claims upon him. The work will be in two large volumes, with a fine etched portrait of Nansen. The history of this portrait is interesting, not to say romantic. It was taken on the day before Nansen left the Fram, and, moreover, he was his own photographer. The picture shows him in the cabin of his stout little ship. The artist who prepared the etching has had the advantage of recent sittings from its subject. Another feature of the book will be a series of reproductions of sketches in color, made by Nansen. These give a vivid idea of Arctic scenery, and are quite remarkable."

—Messrs. Harper & Bros.' announcements for February and March include Dr. Fridtjof Nansen's "Farthest North: Being the Narrative of the Voyage of the Fram, 1893-1896, and the Fifteen Months' Sledge Expedition by Dr. Nansen and Lieutenant Johansen," with an appendix by Otto Sverdrup, an etched portrait of the author, about 120 full-page and numerous smaller illustrations, sixteen colored plates in facsimile from Dr. Nansen's own sketches and several photogravures and maps; "The Landlord at Lion's Head," a novel, illustrated by W. T. Smedley, and "A Previous Engagement," a comedy, both by W. D. Howells; "The Green Brook; or, Freedom Under the Snow," a novel, by Mauris Jókai, translated by Mrs. Waugh; "The Last Recruit of Clare's: Being Passages from the Memoirs of Arthur Dillon, Chevalier of St. Louis, and Late Colonel of Clare's Regiment in

the Service of France," by S. R. Keightley; "Literary Landmarks of Rome" and "Literary Landmarks of Florence," by Laurence Hutton; "The Descendant," a novel; "Beauty and Hygiene"; "Six Cups of Chocolate: A Piece of Gossip in One Act," freely Englished from a Kaffeeklatsch of E. Schmithof, by Edith V. B. Matthews; "Theory of Physics," by Joseph S. Ames, Ph.D., of Johns Hopkins University; "Bound in Shallows," a novel, by Eva Wilder Brodhead, illustrated by W. A. Rogers; "In the Old Herrick House, and Other Stories," by Ellen Douglas Deland; "The Mistress of the Ranch," a novel, by Frederick Trickstun Clark; "The Well-beloved," a novel, by Thomas Hardy (in the New Uniform Edition); "The Voyage of the Rattletrap," by Hayden Carruth, illustrated by H. M. Wilder; "The American Claimant, and Other Stories and Sketches," by Mark Twain (Uniform Edition); "Easter Bells," poems, by Margaret E. Sangster; and "Book and Heart: Essays on Literature and Life," by Thomas Wentworth Higginson, and "How to Tell a Story, and Other Essays," by Mark Twain, in Harper's Contemporary Essayists.

—"Katherine Kent: a Study in Sociology," a novel, by Mrs. Charles Fisk Beach, Jr., is to be published early in the spring.

—Those whose expectations have been aroused to a high pitch by the announcement of Miss Mary Kingsley's forthcoming book of "Travels in West Africa," will not be disappointed when it appears in a few days from the press of The Macmillan Co. Miss Kingsley, who is a daughter of the late Charles Kingsley, traveled alone through regions which no white man—much less a white woman—ever trod before her. The book is not only interesting as a record of exploration, but is brightly and unconventionally written and full of fun. Miss Kingsley has a sense of the ridiculous that served her well on many trying occasions. In her preface she says to her reader—"Your superior culture-instincts may militate against your enjoying West Africa, but if you go there you will find things as I have said."

—Among the prices paid on the closing days of the sale of the Henry F. Sewall library, by Messrs. Bangs & Co., were \$710 for "A Series of Manuscript Documents: Writs, Records of Testimony, Bills of Expenses for Arrests, etc., Petitions to the Council, etc., from 1659 to 1680, Relative to Proceedings against Witchcraft at Newbury, Mass.," forty-four documents collected by the late Samuel G. Drake of Boston; \$240 for Thomas Wilson's "Catalogue Raisonné of an Amateur" (of ancient prints), with 206 prints, and \$100 for a copy of his "Catalogue Raisonné of an Amateur's Select Collection of Engravings," extra illustrated; \$130 for the New Testament in English, by William Tyn-

dale, with Latin by Erasmus (London, 1550); and sums ranging from \$130 downwards for the different early editions of Virgil. The sale as a whole brought about \$30 000.

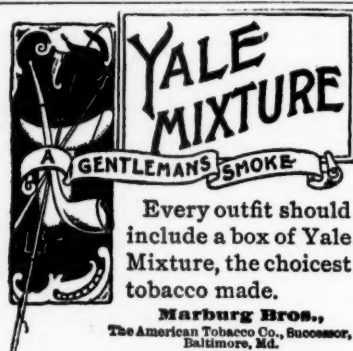
—Messrs. Bangs & Co. will sell on Feb. 1 a collection of books comprising biography, history, education, etc.; on Feb. 2 a catalogue containing works on astrology, Freemasonry, etc., and a few fine art and standard books; on Feb. 3 and 4 a collection of memoirs, poetry, the drama, natural history, etc.; and on Feb. 5 a private library composed largely of modern philosophy, popular scientific works, and a selection of standard and English literature.

—The library of the late Mr. William Matthews, the well known authority on bookbinding whose death was noticed in *The Critic* of 25 April 1896, will be sold by Messrs. Bangs & Co., on Feb. 10-11. It is rich in scarce Americana, extra-illustrated books, works on bookbinding, and, of course, in fine bindings. The prices brought by a set of Grolier Club publications will be watched with considerable interest.

—Mrs. Margaret Hamilton Argles Hungerford, known the world over as "The Duchess," died on Jan. 24, at Bandon, County Cork, Ireland. She was the daughter of Canon Hamilton, rector of Roscarberry, Ireland, and showed her taste for story-telling in early youth. Left a widow at an early age, with several children, she took up literature for her and their support. She won popularity at once with her first two books, which were also her best, "Phyllis" and "Molly Bawn"—stories that entitle her to a higher place in literary annals than students of literature are used to accord her for her later work.

—The five hundredth anniversary of Gutenberg's birth, the exact date of which is not known, but which occurred during the last five years of the fourteenth century, is celebrated by the publication of "Gutenberg: S in Leben, Sein Werk, Sein Ruhm," a handsome work by Alfred Bröckel, Librarian of the city of Mainz, published by Emil Roth of Giessen.

—Mr. and Mrs. Crackanthorpe have requested the London newspapers to state that, according to the medical evidence, there is no doubt that Mr. Hubert Crackanthorpe met with his death on the evening of Nov. 5. He had been with his mother until 11.30 that evening, when he went for a walk, and was last seen at 11.50 P.M. on the Quai Voltaire, within 300 yards of which place his body was found seven weeks later. For the last two months of his life he was living in Paris; during that period he never left it for a single day, and the circumstances of every day of his life there are said to be perfectly well known to his family.



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—Comte de Rémusat, member of the French Senate for Haute-Garonne, who died on Jan. 22, in his sixty-sixth year, was a liberal contributor to the *Revue des Deux Mondes* and other periodicals, and in 1881 published a volume of "Memoirs of Madame de Rémusat," his grandmother.

—At the Stevenson Memorial Meeting in Edinburgh, Mr. J. M. Barrie confessed that he had a great literary passion for Emily Brontë, to the mystification of at least a part of his audience. "But I thought it was Charlotte who wrote 'Jane Eyre'?" was a question, says the London *Bookman*, overheard (on the platform, too). "Oh, Emily was Charlotte's second name!" was the very satisfactory explanation whispered back to the objector.

—The private library of Mr. Charles F. Barnes of Chicago was totally destroyed by fire on Jan. 25. Mr. Barnes is the western agent of the American Book Co. The library was one of the finest private collections in the country.

Publications Received

- American Orations. Ed. by A. Johnston and J. A. Woodburn. \$1.25. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
 Balzac H. de. A Harlot's Progress. Vol. II. \$1.50. Macmillan Co.
 Barr, John D. Mademoiselle Blanche. \$1.50. Stone & Kimball.
 Biddle, A. J. D. The Froggy Fairy Book. The Mad-Ira Islands. 2 vols. Phila.: Drexel-Eldredge & Bradley Pub. Co.
 Book-Prices Current. Vol. X. 1 guinea. London: Elliot Stock.
 Burke's Conciliation with the Colonies. 25c. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
 Campbell, Helen. Household Economics. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
 Charrington, Charles. Lady Bramber's Ghost. A Surdy Beggar. 2 vols. \$2.50. Stone & Kimball.
 Codman, John. An American Transport in the Crimean War. 75c. Bonnell, Silver & Co.
 Crane, Walter. Decorative Illustration. \$3.50. Macmillan Co.
 Dodge, Walter P. A Strong Man Armed. London: Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent & Co.
 English Prose. Edited by Henry Crails. 5 vols. \$7.50. Macmillan Co.
 Falkner, R. P. Crime and the Census. Phila.: Amer. Acad. of Polit. & Soc. Science.
 Foster, M., and L. E. Shore. Physiology for Beginners. 75c. Macmillan Co.
 Freytag, G. Martin Luther. Tr. by H. E. O. Heinemann. \$1. Open Court Pub. Co.
 Green, A. K. That Affair Next Door. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
 Holiday, Henry. Stained Glass as an Art. \$6.50. Macmillan Co.
 Holm, Adolf. The History of Greece. Vol. 3. \$2.50. Macmillan Co.
 Holy Bible, The. Thomas Nelson's Sons.
 Hunter, W. W. The Thackerays in India. London: Clarendon Press Warehouse, Fleming H. Revell Co.
 Iverach, James. St. Paul. 75c.
 James, E. J. The First Apportionment of Federal Representatives in the United States. Phila.: Amer. Acad. Polit. and Soc. Science.
 Jebb, R. C. Sophocles. Part VII. The Ajax. \$3.25. Macmillan Co.
 Johnson, E. R. Current Transportation Topics. Phila.: Amer. Acad. Polit. and Soc. Science.
 Jonson, Ben. Every Man in his Humour. 45c. Macmillan Co.
 Kent, C. F. A History of the Hebrew People. \$1.25. Charles Scribner's Sons.
 Lauda Sten. Lectures Delivered in 1896 under the Auspices of the Church Club of New York. 50c. E. & J. B. Young & Co.
 Lanier, Sidney. The English Novel. \$2. Charles Scribner's Sons.
 Mackin, Mrs. J. A Society Woman on Two Continents. \$1.50. Continental Pub. Co.
 Macleod, H. D. The History of Economics. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
 Macmillan, Hugh. The Clock of Nature. \$1.50. Thomas Whitaker.
 Magruder, Julia. Miss Amy of Virginia. \$1.25. H. S. Stone & Co.
 Masd, Constance. Wagner's Heroines. \$1.25. Edward Arnold.
 Morgan, C. I. Habit and Instinct. \$4. Edward Arnold.
 Morris, Ira N. With the Trade Winds. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
 Moser and Heiden's Kopnikerstrasse. Ed. by B. J. Wells. 30c. D. C. Heath & Co.
 Napoleon: Extracts from Henri Martin, and Others. Ed. by Alcée Fortier. 50c. Ginn & Co.
 Oldenberg, H. Ancient India. 50c. Open Court Pub. Co.
 Palmer, C. F. Inebriety. 50c. Fleming H. Revell Co.
 Pool Maria Louise. Boss and Other Dogs. \$1.25. Stone & Kimball.
 Pope's Iliad. Books I, VI, XXII, XXIV. 25c. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
 Sawtelle, A. E. Spenser's Classical Mythology. Silver, Burdett & Co.
 Scribner's Magazine, 1896. 2 vols. Charles Scribner's Sons.
 Shipman, Louis E. Urban Dialogues. \$1.25. Stone & Kimball.
 Smith, Goldwin. Guesses at the Riddle of Existence. \$1.25. Macmillan Co.
 Taylor, W. G. L. Values, Positive and Relative. 35c. Phila.: Amer. Acad. Polit. and Soc. Science.
 Wagner, Richard. A Pilgrimage to Beethoven. Tr. by O. W. Weyer. 50c. Open Court Pub. Co.
 Webb, W. T. Four Children in Prose and Verse. 60c. Macmillan Co.
 Wells, Carolyn. At the Sign of the Sphinx. \$1.25. Stone & Kimball.
 Wenley, R. M. Contemporary Theology and Theism. \$1.25. Charles Scribner's Sons.

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Undivided Surplus, on a 4% standard.....	43,277,179.12	Proposals for Assurance Examined and Declined	21,678,467.00

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Forty-Fifth Annual Report
OF
The Massachusetts Mutual Life Insurance Company,
FOR THE YEAR ENDING DECEMBER 31, 1896.

Receipts in 1896.

Premiums, - - - - -	\$3,610,768.70
Interest and rents, - - - - -	801,199.13
From death claims to be held by Company and paid by installments (this item included in liabilities), - - - - -	60,421.23
Total receipts, - - - - -	\$4,472,389.06

Disbursements in 1896.

Death claims (less \$35,000 re-insurance), - - - - -	\$1,011,471.32
Matured Endowments, - - - - -	104,515.00
Surplus returned to policyholders in dividends, - - - - -	482,549.90
Surrendered and canceled policies, - - - - -	365,894.88
Total payments to policyholders, - - - - -	\$1,964,431.10
Commissions, salaries, taxes, and licenses, state fees, printing, advertising, medical examinations, postage and miscellaneous expenses, - - - - -	843,764.34
Taxes and expenses on real-estate, - - - - -	13,111.35
Re-insurance, - - - - -	31,666.11
Payments on death claims payable in installments, - - - - -	4,350.00
Profit and Loss, - - - - -	621.59
Total disbursements, - - - - -	\$2,857,944.49

Assets.

Mortgage loans on real-estate, - - - - -	\$6,591,330.26
Loans secured by collateral, - - - - -	678,910.00
Loans secured by assignment of Company's policies, - - - - -	1,377,571.00
Loans to Corporations, - - - - -	505,333.00
United States bonds, - - - - -	120,000.00
Massachusetts State bonds, - - - - -	100,000.00
City, County, Township, and other bonds, - - - - -	2,608,243.76
Railroad bonds, - - - - -	2,074,706.25
Gas and Water bonds, - - - - -	382,627.50
Railroad and other stocks, - - - - -	1,418,132.25
Bank stocks, - - - - -	67,776.00
Real-estate (including home office building), - - - - -	540,250.42
Premium notes on policies in force, - - - - -	699,988.29
Cash on hand and in banks, - - - - -	516,404.73
Net deferred and uncollected premiums, - - - - -	534,806.81
Interest and rents accrued, - - - - -	330,699.69
Total assets, - - - - -	\$18,546,959.96

Liabilities.

Reserve by Massachusetts standard, - - - - -	\$16,917,466.00
Claims for death losses and matured endowments in process of adjustment, - - - - -	95,254.64
Balance of installment policy death claims not yet due, - - - - -	75,336.01
Unpaid dividends, due and to become due, - - - - -	112,030.83
Premiums paid in advance, - - - - -	5,208.84
Total liabilities, - - - - -	\$17,205,296.32
Surplus by Massachusetts standard, - - - - -	1,341,663.64
Number of policies issued in 1896, 8,749, insuring - - - - -	\$20,156,550.00
Number of policies in force December 31, 1896, 40,926, insuring (including reversionary additions), - - - - -	\$102,867,061.00

Springfield, Mass., January 19, 1897.

The receipts and disbursements of the Massachusetts Mutual Life Insurance Company for the year 1896, as shown by the foregoing statement, have been carefully audited under the supervision of the undersigned, and these certifies and balances as shown have been personally examined by us and found to be correct.

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